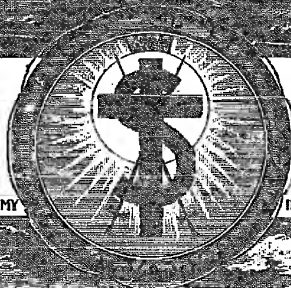


THE

WAR

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



CRY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 42.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.

UP HILL AND DOWN HILL.

*We spend our years on a tale that is told,
The days of our years are three score years and
ten; and if by reason of strength they be four
score years yet in their strength labor and sor-
row; for so it is soon cut off, and we fly away.*—
Psalm xc.

LIFE is a fleeting thing. In youth,
it seems an eternity; in old age,
it seems but a breath of a moment's
passing. Life is a mystery to all. Many

ambitious. He enters upon life with
music and song. In the vigor of life,
full of action and desire, he counts no-
thing a difficulty, he mounts upward to-
wards the mountains of this world,
where he thinks true happiness can be
found. To be above the rest, to have
a wide view, to have the applause of
the crowd, to have money to purchase
what the heart may desire—all these
things can be had at the high places of
the world, where the crowds worship
their idols in the groves and set up their
golden calves.

Upward he toils. The haunts of his

he reaches the top and worships at the
shrines of the gods of this world. But
the wine turns to gall, and the apple
to wormwood, and the freedom he
boasted of is license, which forges the
strongest chain, link by link, wherewith
its victim is bound.

What an awakening! Here Satan,
for once in every man's life, appears
without disguise as the Prince of Dark-
ness, and it is here that the beckoning
call of angels is heard in the soul.

Many a man has turned in desper-
ate from that place. His music has ended,
his hair has whitened, his steps are
faltering, and chewing the cud of the ir-
revocable past, he travels down towards
the valley of humiliation. But ere he
reaches the grave he has again the call
to repentance. In this valley the pro-
digal son came to himself. Here
Nebuchadnezzar was restored to reason
and government. Here David washed
his garments from the stain of his
greatest sin. But, alas! here also Saul
turned and lost his soul.

*"So teach us to number our days, that we may
apply our hearts unto wisdom."*

How few people know the value of

time! On the one hand there is the
lazier who trifles with, kills, and "passes
away" time, and goes to the grave with
a wasted life's record; and on the other
hand we have the man who always
rushes and hurries. No time but for
his business; no time but for the
stock exchange; no time but for his
fads and fancies. So day after day is
filled with little nothings, thousands of
them, and the soul shrivels and shrinks;
the spirit dries up, and death finds but
a man who has missed all that life is
worth living for.

"Seek first the Kingdom of God and
His righteousness," is the Divine guide-
post to life's success. It stands at every
crossing of the road. It is the only way
to happiness, usefulness, and peace.
Travel that road and you will find hea-
ven's music to cheer you. You will meet
with weariness, with storms, and ob-
stacles, but "He will give His angels
charge over thee." They will guid-
you safely, and His presence will be
your light in darkness. Wait not until
sin's dregs have embittered your life,
but to-day seek God, and find in Jesus
your Saviour.



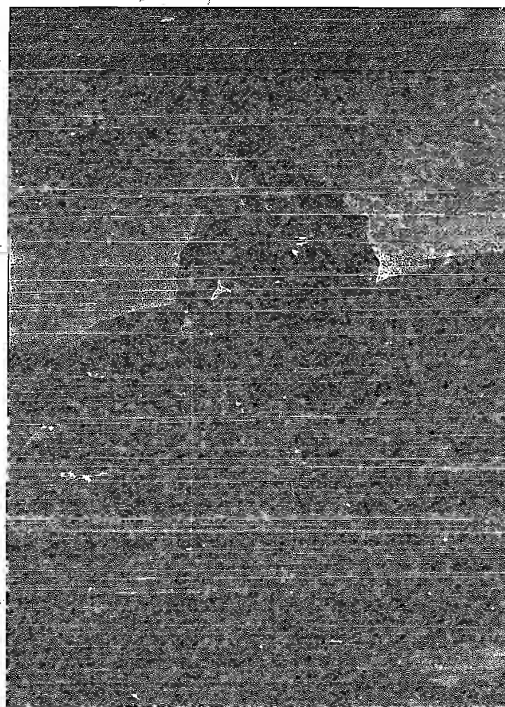
"UP HILL."

secrets have been unravelled by the mind
of man, but the secret of life is with
God alone. WE ARE, that we know;
WHENCE WE CAME, we know not;
WHERE WE JOURNEY TO, we may
decide. God has given us the choice of
our future dwelling-place. A wonderful
power it is that God has given to the
soul, to choose between eternal bliss
and eternal woe! Oh, that every soul
would feel the tremendous issue of this
choice!

The boy starts in life with hopes and

childhood are left behind. A praying
mother, a loving father, and restrictions
of any kind, are left behind as he goes
up the mountain, and in the newly-felt
"freedom" he feels his chest expand and
a flush of pleasure gives new strength
to his tired feet.

Upward he toils. The road grows
steeper and rougher. Life's path be-
comes thorny, and the hedge of sin and
evil desire keeps him in the path that
now seems more of a torture than an
enjoyment. But on he must press till



"DOWN HILL."

SSIONER

igade

ADERS,

MEETINGS

PLACES:

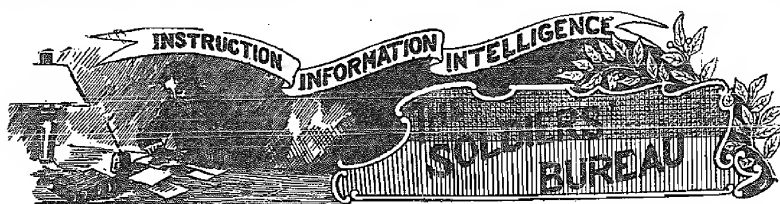
and Friday, July 4th, 5th

and Monday, July 7th, 8th

dieters Friedrich

8

Prominent Part in all



The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

"We went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made."—Acts xvi. 13.

Love, like a lodestone, draws the heart to the place of prayer. Prayer keeps the heart open. Christ never found it hard to gain admission into the hearts of those who were off in prayer. Thus Lydia, Cornelius, Nathanael—types of such different natures—received Him gladly. Prayer finds the shorter path into the light. God is ever waiting, and the moment the heart assumes the attentive attitude, the Father is able to reach His child.

MONDAY.—THE LAW OF THE LORD.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."—Psalm xix. 7.

Just as disobedience destroys the power to believe, so obedience prepares the way for the perfect working of the Word of God. Submission is the key which opens the door to spiritual knowledge, and gives the soul the freedom of the Kingdom of Grace. In the Gospel words, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." This is Christ's one condition.

TUESDAY.—THE HUNGRY WORLD.

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him."—Acts xvii. 27.

The light has come, and still some "love darkness rather than light," but because they yet bear the battered impress of the image of God, and because in them still faintly stirs the Divine breath, nothing less than God can satisfy them. His children never find rest unless at home. In the whole world there is none so restless, so hungry, so wretched, as the soul that has once tasted God's love and has gone back to the beggarly elements of sin.

WEDNESDAY.—THE FRUITFUL TREE.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water . . . and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."—Psalm i. 3.

Those who envy the happiness of the saint should not overlook his sorrows. Envy has done its worst against him, neglect has striven hard to blight the springtime of his early promise, and he has turned these troubles to advantage, and thriven by their aid. Wintry winds have but driven his roots deeper into the soil; the pruning knife has but made him richer in fruitfulness. Am I willing to pay the price of such perfection?

THURSDAY.—JESUS OR DIANA?

"So that not only is our craft in danger . . . but also the temple of Diana . . . despised."—Acts xix. 27.

Many men reject Christ because He is too expensive. The "Way" is far too narrow for them and their unfair gains. There is no denying that the Gospel makes some men poor, yet Demetrius and his friends thought that they were only clamoring for their rights. This is the sting that Satan seldom pulls in vain. But self-interest is too subtle to show itself alone. It is ashamed of its own company, and hence it is always found ostensibly fighting for the rights of others.

FRIDAY.—THE CRY OF THE CONTRITE.

"The Lord is high unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Psalm xxxiv. 10.

If for a moment we were tempted to

fear that God was indifferent to our prayers, these words would dispel the doubt. Jacob at Bethel was a fugitive, but as a fugitive all heaven bent over him in profoundest interest. There is no desolation in the praying heart, for in the desert God is with you. To John in Patmos, while he prayed, the rocky strand became like the shining floor of heaven.

SATURDAY.—A LIVING EXAMPLE.

"Ye know from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons."—Acts xx. 18.

Paul knew that a man's words weigh just as much as his character. If the people have no respect for the man, they will have little regard for his message. A teacher is interpreted by his actions, and eloquence is a poor substitute for integrity, while leaden actions turn even silver speech to dross.

What a Soldier Should Know.

Wealth Spells "Obligation."

There is no moral character in either wealth or poverty. A man is not a bad man because he is rich, or a good man because he is poor. It is not the possession of money that makes a good or bad character, but the use that is made of it. Any Soldier who may possess more earthly goods than are required for the support of himself and his family is under the most solemn obligations to devote such surplus to the advancement of the Kingdom of God, knowing that thereby he follows the shortest, surest, and most effective method for promoting the highest good of those about him, both for this world and the next.

The True Use of Money.

It was never intended by the promise in the "Articles of War" "to give all I can," that Soldiers should be required to cease to give money which they had promised to any benevolent institution; but a Soldier is of course expected to set the one purpose of the War continually before him, and to prefer to spend all spare cash in this one direction, so far as it can be done consistently with promises made before he knew the Army. It is as much the duty of a true Salvation Soldier to use his money for the Salvation of the world as it is for him to employ the gifts of speaking, or thinking, or any other that he may possess for this purpose.

Spending Money for the Kingdom's Sake.

It follows, then, that a Soldier who has property or money or a large income will supply the wants of his family; that is, keep them in health and strength, and supply the necessary education, and meet such further needs as appear to him necessary for their welfare—in short, qualify them most efficiently for helping Jesus Christ to save the world. And when he has set apart as much of his income as is required for this purpose, he will give up the remainder to the interests of the Kingdom. It does not necessarily follow that a wealthy man shall at once distribute his surplus capital for Salvation purposes, but if he does not, it does follow that he shall invest it in such a manner as will lawfully produce the largest income, and that he shall then devote the surplus income to helping the Kingdom of God.

It is my highest wish to find *within* the God Whom I find *everywhere without*.—Kepler.

The day of diligence, duty, and devotion leaves us richer than it found us.—W. B. Gladstone.

The Children's Basket.

"To What Kingdom?"

The King of Prussia, while visiting a village in his land, was welcomed by the school children of the place. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then, taking an orange from a plate, he asked—

"To what kingdom does this belong?"

"The vegetable kingdom," said a little girl.

The king took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked—

"And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom," said the girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong then?"

The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as she thought she would, lest his majesty should be offended. Just then it flashed into her mind that "God made man in His own image," and looking up with a brightening eye, she said—

"To God's kingdom, sir."

The king was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

BREVITIES.

He who will not bend shall be broken.

He who flatters men is corrupt at heart.

He who climbs not above himself shall never sit in heaven.

It is for many too late to-morrow, because to-day is too soon.

Have more religion in your heart than you carry in your head.

Let thy words be few and thy heavenly and mighty deeds be many.

Beware of hardening thy conscience by frequent heating and cooling.

The time of man is his portion, and woe unto him who spends it in vain.

It is always a duty to enlighten our science; it is never a duty to disobey it.

Keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

A good conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.

There is a worm in the bosoms of men which, if not destroyed, will destroy them.

How Major Babtie Won His Victoria Cross.

Helping the Wounded at Colenso.

The following paragraph describes how Major Babtie won the Victoria Cross for bravery at the battle of Colenso. It was a noble deed:

Still the cry went up, "Hold fast to the guns!" and when the last forlorn hope had been assailed and had failed, the green velvet was littered with the wounded, the dying and the dead. Near

by the guns was a donga, and into this many of the wounded had crawled. The galloper who took up the news of the disaster reported the need of help for the injured. To this call Major Babtie at once responded as a volunteer. His duty did not take him to the battlefield. He rode down to the inferno. He might as well have ridden before a row of torpedoes during the smartest moments of a rifle practice. Three times was his horse shot under him before he reached the donga. Here, in the face of a galling fire, he dragged the wounded into shelter, and a little later he ventured out under a rain of lead to bring in Lieut. Roberts, the only son of Lord Roberts, who was lying in the open, desperately wounded. For some seven hours Babtie kept by the wounded in the shallow donga, no one daring to lift a head above the edge of the dip. He alone had a water-bottle, and he doled out what water he had in a sixty minim measuring glass. He was also able to relieve pain by morphia, and when not otherwise occupied, he sheltered poor Roberts' face from the scorching sun by holding above it a letter he chanced to have in his pocket. It was not until darkness was setting in that it was possible to venture from the scant shelter the donga provided.

The bravery exhibited by the Major, in the interest of the bodies of those poor sufferers, is surely an incentive to more devoted effort on the part of those whose supreme life-duty is the caring-for of dying souls!

Points to Remember.

Green vegetables should be boiled as fast as possible, so in this way their colour is preserved.

Eggs should be kept in a cool place, and if they are beaten in a cool room the desired froth will be obtained more quickly than if they are whisked in a hot kitchen.

A little salt added to beaten eggs will make them stiff.

A teaspoonful of vinegar added to the water in which meat is boiled makes it tender.

Lemons can be kept for two or three weeks if put into a deep basin and covered with cold water.

All vegetables, with the exception of old potatoes, should be put into boiling water.

Flour absorbs all odours, so should be always kept closely covered.

Before chopping parsley, it is well to dip it into boiling water, and then dry it in a clean cloth. This improves its colour, and will kill any chance insect there may be in it.

When not to Eat

Half the people we know have violent attacks of indigestion because they will persist in eating hearty meals when in an exhausted condition. They never seem willing or able to realize that there are times when the system is so fatigued that to grapple with a full meal. They come in tired and hungry, almost ravenous, not thinking that maybe a good deal of what they consider hunger is gastric irritation, then sit down to a table covered with the substantialities of life, and deliberately go to work and overtax the already overstrained vital powers.

No person should ever eat heartily when very tired. The wisest thing to do is to drink a cup of hot water with lime, a teaspoonful of milk in it, sit down for five minutes, and then begin slowly to eat, chewing thoroughly. In a little while the vigor of the stomach will come back, and all will be well.

If this course were followed, there would not be one case of dyspepsia where now there are a dozen. It seems to be the most difficult of all things to properly control the appetite. It seems to be the master. It requires will-power to get it under control. When once mastered, something important has been accomplished in self-discipline.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY THE GENERAL.

I.—Husbands and Wives Alike.

ALREADY I have written, and the "War Cry" has published, a series of papers under this title. These articles, I have been given to understand, "have proved helpful to many of my comrades; and therefore I am encouraged to deal week by week, after the same fashion, with other aspects of the subject. That they may prove equally useful is my earnest desire.

In commencing with an article that I have named "Husbands and Wives Alike," I wish to make my remarks applicable to both parties in the marriage contract. And first, let me say that married life ought to be a happier and more useful form of existence than any other. Alas! I am much afraid that this is not the usual experience; and the reasons why the state often falls short of the expectations so commonly cherished concerning it are not far to seek. Anyway, I think I can give some counsels which, if followed, will help to realization of at least a measure of the blessedness so fondly associated beforehand with matrimony, and thereby tend to make it answer the end which God had in view in its institution.

1. **Happiness in Married Life** will depend with every Salvationist upon its being begun and carried on in the Will of God. Remember this. If it is not of God, has not His blessing, and is not for His glory, it will come to worse than nought. But, if it is of God, it will prosper, and neither men nor devils can prevent it.

There may, and possibly will be, poverty, persecution, sickness, and I know not what other tribulations, associated with it sooner or later; but, if so, they will only work out the Divine purpose, bring blessing to others, and eternal honor in the skies to husband and wife. See to it therefore that God is worshipped, feared, and obeyed from the beginning till the end of your union.

2. Remember, also, that happiness in the Marriage State will be found to depend very much upon the joint performance of the Duties arising out of it. The husband cannot neglect his share of the work required by the family without the wife suffering; neither can the wife neglect her share without entailing misery on the husband. If, for instance, the husband refuses to work for the support of the household, the wife and the family will starve, and if the wife does not care for the home, practice economy, prepare the food, or nurse the children, the husband and the whole family will suffer in consequence. And so, all the way through, each must do their part, and do it with their might.

3. Continue carefully to cherish the affection for each other already in existence. Someone has wisely said, "Be lovers still." Love is delicately constituted, and, if it is to live and thrive, it must be carefully guarded and encouraged. A great deal of the love of married life dies of starvation—anyway, perished from neglect. If you cultivate it, you will have an abundant harvest; if you do it violence, or even leave it untended, the thorns will choke it, and it may ultimately perish.

Oh, love is the choicest treasure of your marriage outfit! All the gold and silver in the coffers of a millionaire will not purchase love; the powers of an emperor cannot win it; the learning of a scholar cannot discover it; the skill of the most inventive genius the world ever knew cannot manufacture love.

Love will make your house glad, whether it is a cottage or a mansion; love will smooth the roughest road you may be called to travel; love will fit you back to whatever burden you may have mutually to bear; love will make you equal to whatever situation you may have to fill. The love of courtship was precious to you, but the pure and mature love of marriage should exceed it. I loved my bride before I took her to the altar, but I loved her more, and derived more happiness from my love twenty years after that interesting event. I

beseech you to take heed to your love. Encourage it, and whatever else may come or go, don't let your love for each other fade.

4. Resolve, and hold on to your resolution, to hear and forbear with each other's faults and infirmities. Do not be disappointed if you each find that you have not married an angel. You will have been blind indeed if you have not discerned certain failings in each other beforehand. And you will be certain to make further discoveries in the same direction as you come to know each other better.

These imperfections, whether of temper or taste, whether infirmities of body or defects of mind, will, at the time, doubtless call for the exercise of all the patience you can command; but it must be forthcoming, or greater evil still will follow. You must cast yourself on God for the supply of all the wisdom you will need, and in waiting will He be more willing to give you an abundance of grace.

5. You must agree to differ on unimportant matters. Half the quarrels and dissensions in married life begin with disagreements over trifles. Be content to have your own views and opinions on things that do not affect your individual consciences, or threaten to interfere with the peace and welfare of your family. It is the height of folly to wrangle about nothing, especially as you never know to what sad consequences such wrangling may lead.

I remember hearing of a man and his wife who, sitting at supper one evening, watched a mouse run across the floor and disappear. The husband said it ran into that hole; the wife said, "No, it ran into that," pointing to another. The husband replied that he was confident the mouse ran into the hole that he had indicated; but the wife responded that she was equally confident it did not. And so the altercation went on, until it rose to high words, with a bitter quarrel following, that resulted in separation.

Seven years they lived apart, and then a reconciliation was effected, and they were happily reunited. A few days afterwards, sitting at supper in the same room where the first dispute took place, one of them, referring to the original quarrel, said, "But the mouse did go into that hole," and the other replied, "No, it did not," and they quarrelled again, and parted, never to be reunited in this life.

Every reader of this paper will say, "How exceedingly stupid it was to disagree over such a trivial thing! But, are there not in many families, almost every day, differences over matters quite as unimportant? True, they may not lead to such disastrous results, but there is the possibility of their doing so. And, even if there were no such danger, how unlike the Spirit of Jesus Christ it must be to engage in these contests.

6. If differences should occur between you, let each be willing to bear the blame. It is not uncommon to hear the husband, under such circumstances, say, "Well, it is all her fault," and it is not seldom that we hear the wife, in a similar manner, laying all the blame of the quarrel upon her husband.

Now, in the majority of family jars, everybody will know that there are faults on both sides. It may not be always so. I have known many wives who, for long years, have endured treatment of the most unjust and cruel character with uncomplaining patience and submission, the blame being wholly on the husband's side; and I have known husbands who have been called to suffer all sorts of wrong at the hands of their wives, without making any evil return. But, although the blame-worthiness may not be equally divided, some part of the fault will be ordinarily traceable to both parties.

To drive away the devil of discord as speedily as possible, and to promote concord and peace between hearts so nearly allied as are those of husband and wife, must be truly a religious duty. To attain this end, the first object must be taken to effect reconciliation, and it cannot be done so quickly or so

effectively in any other way as by either party finding out where they may have been to blame, frankly acknowledging it, and asking forgiveness for the same.

It is said that John Wesley, on a certain occasion, had a rather serious altercation overnight with the preacher who traveled with him as his servant, in which some very high words were spoken on both sides. The next morning, on meeting Mr. Wesley, the latter asked, "Well, John, have you made up your mind to ask my forgiveness for what transpired last night?" John steadily said, "No," upon which Mr. Wesley responded, "Well, then, John, will you forgive me?" John immediately broke down, acknowledged where he had been at fault, supplicated Mr. Wesley's pardon, and they were better friends than ever.

The command of the Lord to "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," is particularly applicable to disagreements existing between husband and wife. Both should be determined never, under any circumstances, to sleep until there is peace between them—that is, where peace is possible.

(To be continued.)

THE INDIAN FAMINE HORROR.

TERRIBLE SCENES.

A few days since (writes Lieut.-Colonel Niran), an editor of an Indian paper called on me to ask my advice as to what places he should visit to form a just idea of the famine. I recommended him to go to Dohad, in the Panch Mahals. This visit he has written an account of in the "Times of India," which is so true and graphic that I quote it.

In this town we are opening a Kitchen, by which we will feed about three



A Famine-Stricken Family in India.

hundred of these poor, starving wretches daily. This is in addition to the Grain-Shops we have at present:

On the 14th inst., I visited Dohad (writes Mr. F. C. Aldred), a large native town about a hundred miles east of Anand, in Gujarat. I am somewhat at a loss to know how to begin anything like a perfect description of this visit. On reaching the station, I was informed by the station-master that large numbers of the people that had been on Government Relief Works there had been, two days before, removed to another place, twenty-five miles distant. "But," said I, "if you want to see anything of the work of the famine, you have only to stop down there by our first signal, and you will see the bodies of two persons who starved to death there two days ago." He depicted a picture to act as a guide through the native city, where we went first. Such sights met my eyes! We had never thought that such a state of affairs ever existed in India. On every hand were

The Dead and Dying.

Sometimes it was an aged person

sometimes a youth or an infant. The sun beat down almost unbearably. The dead carried the sand in clouds. There was scarcely any noise, though there were many people. They sat or lay quietly in groups of from five to fifty, beneath the trees by the roadside. Often one had fallen alone, and was left there to die as he had fallen. The living, the dying, and the dead were all together. If one died in the centre of the group, no one attempted to remove the body. Why should they? All have at or laid down there to die, and only by one they meet their death—they wait for it. They are hopeless, so they resign themselves to their awful fate.

Passing on through the city about a mile, we came to the western boundary. In the bottom of the dry river-bed and on its banks were scores of the dead bodies of persons who had starved to death. In many parts of the city dead bodies were found. In one place lay the dead body of a woman who had died two days before. The heartlessness of those who are within a stone's-throw of the sufferers, and who could help if they would, is very manifest. Many we found lying of thirst within half-a-minute's walk of the door of some rich Mohammedan or high-caste Hindoo, who, until almost forced to do it, would not turn a hand to alleviate the sufferings of the dying.

It was dreadful to look upon the faces of the small

Children who had Starved to Death.

marks of infant beauty, intermingled with those indicative of a painful death, were traceable. What deaths they have met! And near them, on every side, not others enduring the same terrible sufferings, and awaiting the same terrible end. Is anyone responsible, and will anyone have to answer and say, "It was permitted to be so?"

The missionaries are doing much, and would do more if they had the means.

As we walked about these quiet streets, we saw deserted homes, and faces, and dead bodies—so many that had lain so long in the streets and by-ways, that we had to breathe through a well-wadded handkerchief. We longed to be able to picture the sufferings of

these people to those who have laid by their wealth, not for one "rainy day," but for thousands of them. One sight would be sufficient to open the long-closed purse, and thousands will pour out.

Blessings on the Givers.

Lying in the midst of one of these groups was the fresh carcass of a child. We concluded that the flesh had been eaten from it by the jackals. We saw many carcasses, but the peculiar situation of this one brought to our minds what sort of sights the living-dying people must pass in battling with these hungry scavengers. We saw many who were almost too weak to raise a hand, and who, we are sure, could not defend themselves in the event of an attack by a jackal or a hungry dog.

We saw a dog feasting on the body of a woman. What must be the state of mind of those people who sit day after day in sight of these awful scenes, knowing full well that they are to be done away with in the very same manner? They have neither life nor strength to defend themselves.

A Leaguer at the Front.

(Extract from a letter.)

Dear Major,—Could you let me know the kind person's address who sends me the War Cry? It comes from Newbury. I would like to thank them for it, as it has been such a blessing to my soul.

How sorry we were to hear of Adams' death. We all miss him. He was such a blessing to us. Many a time he has placed his hand on my shoulder and given me a word of cheer when things have been looking dark.

On the 27th of February, I went on escort duty to Cape Town, and on my return to the battalion, I called in at the hospital, Nanympet, and saw him there. He was looking very sick then, but he said it was well with his soul. I have had a letter from my mother to say that my brother has been taken prisoner in the battle of Colenso, on the 15th of December. No doubt you have

"Yes, sir." I got rid of them all, and if I had had a few more dozen I could have given them all away, as everyone wanted one. I heard one man say, "Ah, that's good, the War Cry, there is some good reading in that." At the present time I am attending hospital, so I am not able to get to town, but we have a Soldiers' Home in the camp, and at 6:30 p.m. they start singing hymns until 7 p.m. You can ask for any number you like, so last night I called for 127, "Jesus, keep me near the Cross," and instead of "hymn" 127, I said "song" 127. One of the members said, "He's a Salvationist, I can tell."

I miss my Bible very much. I lost everything while we were at Slingsersfontein—War Cry, and a book, and even the "Housewife" that you sent us. All fell into the hands of the Boers. I do pray that they will read and study the book and the War Cry.

Believe me to remain, fighting and trusting in God's strength.

—Sunshine.

A Trip Through the Lindsay District.

"All aboard!" and the train goes swiftly flying in the direction of UNBRIDGE, the first visit of the tour. At Markham the Major is joined by Lieut. Trickey, of Riverside, who had been collecting for S.D. at that place. At Unbridge we were met at the station by Capt. Liston, and this ministerial brother takes us to his quarters, where a good open-air, in the hall the Major spoke on "A trip to Europe." He gave from this subject a very interesting lecture. The people listened attentively. Afterwards a census meeting was held at the quarters.

A couple of hours on the train next morning, and we had ourselves being greeted at FENELON FALLS by Capt.

up for the meeting. A good time was spent.

Early next morning on by wheel to Cobocout and boat to LINDSAY for weekend. We met Capt. and Mrs. Hanna looking quite happy. Saturday, as we had open-air, hundreds stood around. The important feature of the meeting was the presentation by the Major of the new Lindsay Colors. Sunday, leave-drill, a feast to our souls. Afterwards a talk to the children was enjoyed. The holiness meeting was a time of blessing, when the Major spoke effectively to a good crowd. Afternoon, a good open-air and then free-and-easy. Some lively testimonies were given. At night we went out again to lift up Jesus Christ to dying souls round about. Inside a good crowd gathered, and the Major's topic was, "Who is a fool?" In the prayer meeting two young men and a woman found pardon. A grand march around the hall and general wind-up ended the day's fight.

Early next morning Lindsay, Fenelon Falls, and Ormeau corps united for an excursion, per steamer Crandella, to INDIAN VILLAGE. We left Lindsay about 7:30 a.m. with Ormeau and Lindsay comrades, and stopped at Fenelon Falls about 9:30. About a hundred settled down for some music, furnished by a string band. A little later the Major led a profitable meeting on the boat. About 2 p.m. we heard someone say, "There's Indian Village." A short walk after landing brought us into the village. As we only had two or three hours, the Major determined to make the best of the short space of time with our comrades starting an open-air. Testimonies were given and songs sung. Bro. "Steve" with tears told how he no longer went after the fire-water that made him and all around him unhappy, but was happy a God's service. It would do you good to see the Indians giving in the open-air collection. One by one they marched into the ring, some with their hats off, and dropped their coins. Over \$3 was taken in a few minutes. One heap of his hand to be prayed for. An important feature of the visit was the Indian names given to Major Turner, Captain Trickey, and others. Major Turner was called "Wahh-wahh" meaning "Morning Star." Captain Trickey, "Ogemough," "Chief of Music." After yet another meeting was conducted by the Major, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Archibald, who has been resting at Lindsay, and others, also spoke. A soldiers' meeting, with about fifty present, was also held by the Major. Oh, what a time! A little later we found ourselves entering Fenelon Falls and Lindsay. Our next meeting was in Capt. Brant's domain. (By the way, in a late issue of the War Cry we found in the Missing Column, a photo of Capt. "D. O. Brant." We claim any reward that may be offered, for we found him on the wharf at Lindsay, just about to take the Crandella, to go on our Army excursion.)

A good time was spent at OMEEAU. Capt. Weir, of Millbrook, and comrades came over.

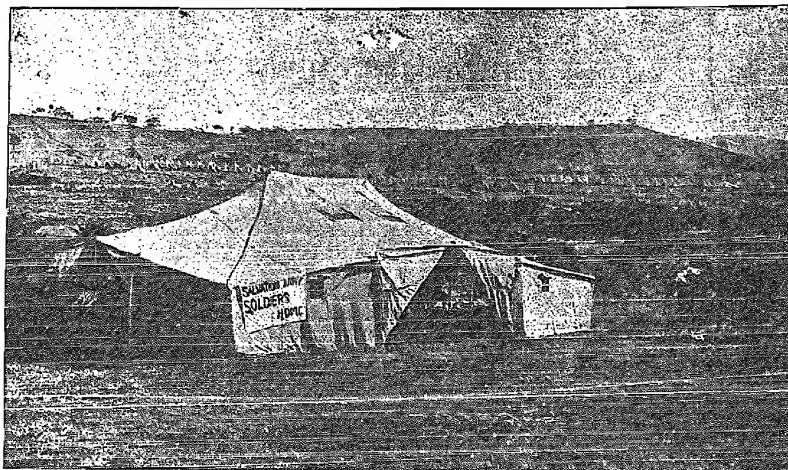
Wednesday morning we returned to the city, after having received and we believe given out, blessing to those whom we met on the trip around the Lindsay District.—Capt. Ogemough.

I can be calm and free from care On any shore, since God is there.

OUR RESCUE SECRETARY ... IN NEWFOUNDLAND. A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

The series of meetings led by Lieut.-Col. Mrs. Read far surpassed expectation for crowds, enthusiasm and finances. There were also some souls saved. Mrs. Read excelled herself and captivated all with her social address. Judge Morrison, Sir Robert Thorburn, and the Honorable Mr. Cowan, Minister of Finance, delivered splendid addresses at the great Social gathering in the British Hall, on the magnificent work accomplished by the Army. Newfoundland troops hail the news of the Commissioner's promised visit. Self-Denial a triumphant victory.

—BRIGADIER SHARP.



A SALVATION ARMY SOLDIERS' HOME AT THE FRONT, SOUTH AFRICA.

heard by now of our long march, from Dorkens Point to Bloemfontein. We left there on the 21st of March, and arrived here on April 4th. We were getting three biscuits, canteen of coffee, and more that had been killed about four or five hours. We had no tents. Our camp was pitched about 11 o'clock at night, and there they told us the water was not fit to drink, as it was poisoned. How I thanked God that I was drinking at the Living Stream, and that instead of killing us, it was giving us new life. Yes, Major, I have proved, during the time that we have been here, that God is able to keep us through it all. There is a verse in Hebrews xiii, where it says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and I have proved it to be true.

Since arriving here in Bloemfontein, we have been having some good hallelujah times. There is a nice hall in town, and, of course, the Worcester lads have found it out—trust them for that! We have had some nice meetings. We commenced at 6:30 and close 7:45, as the people have to be indoors by 8 p.m., and we have to be in camp by 8:30.

Capt. Anderson, and Lieut. Warwick, are in charge. They have been with the Third Division. Capt. Anderson and myself paid a visit to hospital yesterday and saw Bros. Howe and Lowe, who are in hospital with fever; they are improving, and before parting with them we got down and had a word of prayer that God would keep him safe.

Last Saturday Bro. Lamb and myself went round the Wiltshire Regiment distributing Crys. We had a sack full of them.

How eager the men were to get them!

On Sunday morning Bro. Lamb went round the camp with Crys. I went up to the hospital with an armful, and I met the doctor outside one of the tents, and he said it was well.

"Where are those from?"

"War Cry, from the Salvation Army, sir," I said.

He said, "Are you giving them away?"

A FRESH-AIR MOVEMENT

A Fund will be Raised and the Salvation Army will Assist.

A meeting was held in the city hall on Friday to make arrangements for the raising of a children's fresh air fund. Among those present were Lady Schultz, Mrs. Southall, Mayor Wilson, Ald. Bell, Mr. E. F. Stephenson, Dr. Inglis, and Rev. Mr. McKim.

Lady Schultz presided, and expressed hearty approval of the work. Dr. Inglis suggested that a fund should be raised to assist in taking poor children out into the country for a short season during the hot weather. Mrs. Southall, on behalf of the Salvation Army, agreed to take hold of this part of the work. In reply to Lady Schultz, Mayor Wilson said he could not promise aid from the city until the matter was discussed in council. Rev. Mr. McKim seconded Dr. Inglis' suggestion of tents for the children, and Ald. Bell thought the Salvation Army was the best means for handling the matter, instead of a separate organization. This suggestion was seconded by Mr. E. F. Stephenson. Mrs. Southall agreed that if the funds were provided the Army would take charge of the work and leave their books open to inspection. Mr. Stephenson moved that the Army take the work, and have an account rendered weekly. This carried, and the meeting adjourned. From the Winnipeg Tribune, June 30th.

The Heavenly Railway.

A preacher, who was a great smoker, closed an eloquent address on Christian activity by exclaiming: "Brethren, there is no sleeping compartment on the train to Glory!"

An old lady in the front seat, who knew the minister's appreciation of the weed, responded: "No, brother; nor smoking compartment, either."

"In Prison and Ye Came Unto Me."

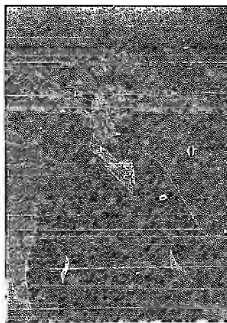
(An Interview with a Former Prisoner.)

III.

Bro. Daniels is a converted man, and a good chance into his face will tell you so. His story is a sad one, but since his conversion has taken place in the Central Prison, even his incarceration was a blessing in disguise to him.

Bro. Daniels is at present a very valuable assistant to Staff-Capt. Archibald in looking after the spiritual needs of the prisoners, and giving them every other assistance that may help them after their discharge from the prison.

He was a wonderful help to his fellow-prisoners ere he was discharged. But we are going ahead of our interview.



BROTHER DANIELS.
A Trophy of Grace.

Staff-Capt. Archibald brought him into my office one afternoon.

"It is the old story of drink," said Brother Daniels, "which brought me behind the bars. My father was addicted to the cursed appetite, and I soon began to like intoxicants. But I had a strong desire to live good, and left home one day to strike out for myself. For five or six years I lived a sober life, and then became a drunkard. For two years before my imprisonment I was

Totally Unable to Pass a Saloon without having a drink. To obtain money for drink I committed a criminal offence, and was sentenced to two years in Prison.

Three months after entering the Central Prison I became very much troubled. I had been to the meetings held in the chapel, and for two weeks the heavy conviction I was under would not let me rest. At last in the anguish of my soul, I knelt one night in my prison cell, and cried to God to save me. He did it! Bless His name, there is no limitation of time, or place, or circumstances—I know. He saved me in a felon's cell.

After another three months, during which time God's grace enabled me to live consistently, I was

Appointed Librarian

for the Prison. This is a position of trust, which I prize very much, and used to give some cheer and advice to other prisoners who were in trouble and distress.

The revival meetings conducted under the supervision and with the aid of different church members and the Salvation Army, were the means of a great number of genuine conversions.

I made a petition to the Minister of Justice for pardon, and backed by the Warden's recommendation, and Miss Booth's intercession, I was recently pardoned of half my sentence.

"Tell us something about the conversions which have taken place," we asked Brother Daniels.

"During the special revival meetings," Brother Daniels continued, "sixty-eight satisfactory cases of conversion took place, all of whom are living to this day consistent Christian lives. I have kept a register of them all, and have letters from all that have left the Prison since their conversion; only one of them has gone back into sin, and he was a very difficult case. Some have gone to Winnipeg, others to the States, one to the old country, etc.

but all write to say that they are on their way to Heaven yet, and mean to trust God in future, come what may.

"One man left last September, a hopeless case of consumption. He had but a sister in the U.S.A., whom he tried to find. He died in Syracuse Hospital, but left a splendid testimony of God's power to save.

"Another convert, who served a term of eighteen months, is now in a General Hospital, and is well respected as a Christian and useful employee.

"Here is a letter from our first convert, Ed. B. He had left wife and family to seek employment. Not finding any, he

Forged a Cheque

and was sentenced to six months in the Central Prison. He writes in his letter—

"I am still putting my whole trust in my Lord and Saviour. It makes me feel heart-broken when I think of the long years I spent in sin, but I thank God that He did not cut me off in my sin. I can truly say I have found many true friends since trying to live an honest, Christian life. . . . I want to help others in the good work. My wife has forgiven me all the wrongs I had done her. Thank God for what He has done for me and my family!"

"Here is another sad case. It is a lad who came from St. Louis to Canada. His father was a real estate agent, and well-to-do. The home was one of luxury and high living. Sports and gambling developed expensive tastes in the boy. The lad finally wandered away, and finding himself in want, committed larceny, for which he was convicted and sent to prison for six months. There he came to himself, and was soundly converted, but was

Ashamed to Write His Mother,

who was heart-broken, and had been seeking her boy everywhere. At last he yielded to my advice, wrote home, and received a reply from the mother, who gladly forgave the boy, and was proud in her thanks for the good work done in the boy's heart. The lad is now living a good Christian life in Manitoba.

"Here are two letters from a man who spent fifteen months in the Prison for

stealing a bicycle to get drunk. He used to drink whiskey by the quart. Drink brings ninety-five per cent. into prison. He sold his wife's clothes and furniture, but now is living a godly life, and his wife says she never saw such a change in any man as she has seen in him." (His letters are touching, but space forbids quoting the same.)

There is a convert now in the Central who has altogether

Served Twenty-three Years Behind the Bars.

Through drink he has been led into bad crimes, but to-day he is a changed man.

P. W. fell so low that he was utterly disgusted with himself. He had a lovely mother, whose training was good and beautiful, but through drink he fell to the very bottom of the ladder. He is saved and working in H—, where he is happy. He writes: "I refused a drink the first day I came out. The God Who saved me in the Central Prison saves me here now. . . . I can now walk past the hotels and smile at the devil. I have also stopped using tobacco."

Among the prisoners is also a minister who

Preached the Gospel for Twenty-three Years.

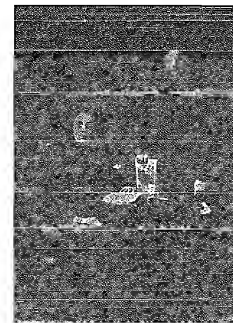
He said he never knew the power of God until he came into the Prison, and now praises God for his salvation. His conversion is very remarkable.

"Here, Brigadier," continued Bro. Daniels, handing us three or four letters which were full of earnest expressions of faith and trust in God, "here are some letters from the first convict that entered the Central Prison. He is now 76 years of age, and cannot count his convictions. His besetment was drink, but he came to God and found pardon and is now truly saved. He is now employed and his employer gives him an excellent testimony."

"This letter is from a man who is the only son of well-to-do parents. He got into a criminal career and has been in nearly every prison in the United States. He left the Central Prison an unconverted man, but under deep conviction, and it appears he is now doing well in a situation. I have every hope that he will be truly converted before this."

M. was sent to prison for beating a man, causing subsequent death, during a drunken bout. M. was a strong man, and possessed a terrible temper. Once he became angered at a fellow-prisoner and dashed him to the floor, nearly killing him. But God broke him all up and he is now outside at work earning an honest and sober living. His letter is touching in its simplicity.

(To be continued.)



Captains Jonnie and Maggie Howeroff, Fenelon Falls, Ont.

Major and Mrs. Smooten at the Temple.

Splendid day. One of the finest Sundays we have had. Major and Mrs. Smooten led us on in excellent manner. Adles, McCallivray and Wiggins helped. Finished up at night with seven in the Fountain. Finances tip-top. Everybody delighted.

Wisdom in a Nutshell.

Training is the art of gaining.

Quietness is the magnet of peace.

In forgiving a fault, we may inspire a virtue.

The man who stands for God is certain to sometimes stand alone.

The Gospel means not law over men, but love in them.

Temptation is the balance where character is weighed.

Beware of prosperity; luxury was the death-knell of Rome's vigor.

Knowledge and wisdom make a strong team when hitched together.

Those who worship wealth will lose in adoration before good clothes.

Where and When to Pray.

Pray as you read the Word that its promises may speedily be realized.

Pray in your chamber for the conversion of souls.

Linger there in long and earnest pleading.

Pray until your purse-strings loosen and your faith takes fire.

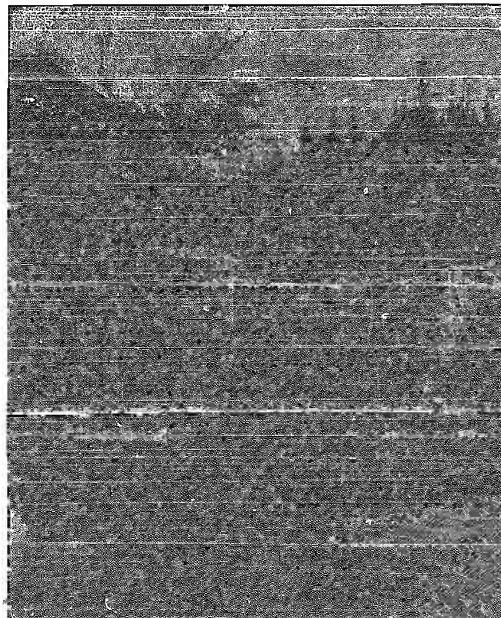
Pray until your children believe you and give their silver or themselves to the work.

Pray in faith, pray in obedience, pray in hope.

Pray till the promises are realized and hearts burn, and zeal is aflame.

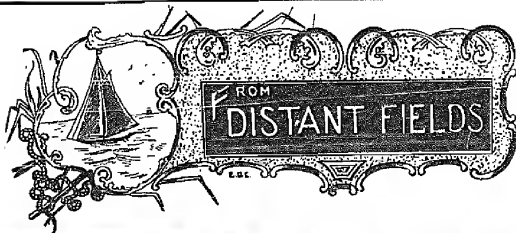
On Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness is a duty, we owe to others. There is an old tradition that a cup of gold is to be found wherever a rainbow touches the earth, and there are some people whose smile, the sound of whose voice, whose very presence, seems like a ray of sunshine to turn everything they touch into gold. Men never break down as long as they can keep cheerful. "A merry heart is a continual feast to others, besides itself." The shadow of Florence Nightingale cured more than her medicines; and if we share the burdens of others, we lighten our own.—Lord Avelbury.



AMONG THE INDIANS—AT THE TRADING POST.

Ensign Thorildson has Spent the Whole Winter Among the Indians at Glen Vowell, B. C.



The General continues to conduct tremendous salvation campaigns. Greenock, Rothesay, Govan, and Nelson have been visited. At the latter place 131 souls were captured.

The Chief of Staff's Corps-Cadet Camp at Hadleigh was a delightful affair. There were 400 present besides 50 Local Officers.

Commissioner Cadman, who for many years has had charge of the Social Work, now becomes the General's traveling representative.

Commissioner Riddell takes charge of Norway. There are other Staff changes.

Ensign Jones, of Liverpool and Scotch fame, goes to the United States to command a prominent corps there. Lieut. Hartley goes with her. Ensign Shipley goes to Malta to take charge of the Naval and Military work.

Commissioner Dowdle graced the General's platform at the Assurance Staff Council, and he whispered into Uncle Paul's ears: "Thank my comrades for their prayers. Mrs. Dowdle is a trifle better."

A Property Commission has just been held at Northampton to fully enquire into the condition, prospects, and improvements of Salvation Army barracks in that Division.

The Life Assurance Department has had a phenomenal year. In '94, the premium income was \$2,000. Last year it was \$24,310. A council of 200 Superintendents and Assistants was recently conducted by the General and the Chief of Staff.



The Chicago Democrat has invited the Commander to assume complete control of that paper for one day only.

The Commander has secured a moving picture representation of the famous Passion Play, and promises to place it at the disposal of any corps who desires it.

New York Headquarters have organized a Junior Staff Band, made up entirely of the children of Staff Officers. They had a pleasant time at a recent demonstration in Memorial Hall.

Major Blanche Cox has taken hold well of her new Division. A united officers' council has been arranged to be held in Troy in the beginning of July, to be followed later by another for the Connecticut officers. A day's outing for the waifs of Troy is also under contemplation.

Staff-Capt. Watson, of Denver III., an old Canadian warrior, has been awarded the Historic Group for filling in his Self-Denial Guide Book in a most commendable manner. The Staff-Captain raised \$325 for the effort.

The "Summer Outings for the Slums" effort is rapidly assuming vast proportions. Our forces in many of the large American cities are actively preparing for this big time.



The Commandant and Mrs. Booth have much improved in health, and are already hard at work again.

Great alterations are being made in the Memorial Hall, Adelaide. Other properties are being renovated.

Mrs. Booth composed a pretty little chorus while lying sick in the hospital.

Ensign Annie Cowden, who went to Australia from Canada with Mrs. Booth, is now in charge of the Rescue Home at Linneston.

Major Cumming and Ensign Van Emmerik, late of Java, are taking a missionary tour on behalf of that country.

Capt. Johnson spent six weeks in Hamilton jail for "obstruction" (?) caused by holding an open-air meeting. He spent his six weeks gladly, knowing it was for Jesus' sake.

A new Home for Girls has been opened at Riddell's Creek.

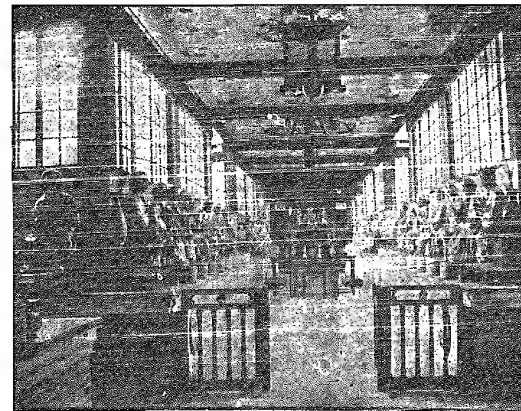


Commissioner Higgins continues to visit the different centres of Salvation operations, and conduct great demonstrations.

The following facts and figures were made public at a big meeting held in Gombi, and indicate the progress of our work in Gujarat:

In April, 1899, Officers and Cadets numbered	440
In March, 1900, Officers and Cadets numbered	511
1. April, 1899, School Teachers numbered	33
In March, 1900, School Teachers numbered	93
In April, 1899, Corps numbered	100
In March, 1900, Corps numbered	131
In April, 1899, Day Schools numbered	120
In March, 1900, Day Schools numbered	169
In April, 1899, Banks numbered	1
In March, 1900, Banks numbered	12

While in the 12 months no less than over Rs. 2,000 had been raised for Self-Denial in the Central Indian Territory alone.



TEMPLE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED GODS, CANTON, CHINA.

Adj. Daya Ratna has been chosen to take a party of twelve fanatics boys for a tour in Australasia. The Adjutant has been training the boys at Bareilly, and has sailed for Australia by this time. He is looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to again visiting New Zealand, the place where he "first saw the light."

Brigadier Hira Singh is in South India. He proposes to be in at the opening of two Village Banks in the Telugu Division, one Village Bank in the South Indian Territory, and returning to Bombay via Madras, to audit the Madras accounts.

A large and commodious Headquarters is under construction at Mavilakerali, the Headquarters of the Malabar Division. Staff-Capt. Wickram Singh, who is in charge, is making strenuous efforts to find the balance of money needed for its completion. One of our Puliver converts recently gave five rupees towards it.

The headman of a village, a Hindu convert of the S. A., has recently given a personal donation of Rs. 50 towards the erection of a substantial barracks in his village. The money was paid down to us in cash before the building was started.

Sava.

During the absence of Major Cumming, Staff-Capt. Brouwer has been on a small tour in the interests of "ways and means." At this kind of work there is only one Staff-Capt. Brouwer. May his faith and his "bike" fail not to carry him and his gettings back to Semarang in safety.

For the month of March 18 souls came to Jesus. This is a splendid catch. Soul-saving is a stiff thing in Java, therefore the 18 recorded make our hearts glad.

The comrades in Java are hoping that the Commandant's appeal for officers able to speak Dutch will bring a ready response.

Hawaiian Islands.

The National Headquarters, New York, have just received the complete Self-Denial returns from four of the Hawaiian Island corps. Considering that our comrades on the Islands have been greatly handicapped owing to an epidemic which, during part of the time, almost amounted to a plague, calling for strict quarantine regulations, they have certainly done remarkably well. The following are the results: Honolulu, \$392; Koloa, \$200; Hilo, \$134.15; Waipahu, \$100. Major Wood writes that Waimoa, with a target of \$70, will probably reach \$100. Owing to the slow and irregular mailing facilities, he has not yet received their report. On the whole, it will be seen that the Islands will go considerably over \$900, which is indeed very gratifying.

MEDITATIONS.

By ELIZABETH SWIFT-BREngle.

A Mother's Unconditional Surrender.

"I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life."

Here is another mother making arrangements with God beforehand about her little son. This time she looks to his soul.

When a woman "pours out her soul before the Lord," as Hannah did, she is in the spiritual condition where God wants her to be. Hannah had given up her grumbling and complaining against God's providences, given up her grudge against her proud and vexing rival, and had become a woman wholly abandoned to God—one whom He could trust. So now, God gave Himself to her: He consumed her evil passions on the altar where she had laid them, and by His spirit had made her a holy woman—one whom He could use to rear His future priest.

"Her countenance was no more sad," her heart looked out at her eyes, and that joy which is a fruit of the Spirit, lit up her face.

Hannah proved her whole-heartedness for God in a few years, by her literal and absolute surrender of her boy to His service. I have often wondered how she felt at letting the little tender fellow go entirely away from her, when the roundness of babyhood must have been still on his face, and the solemn influence of a baby's look yet in his eyes. She couldn't have helped a little doubt as to whether Eli's boy would be good to him, and whether Eli himself might not overwork him, I should think. But she kept her vow, just as it stood to her.

It is good that the Training Home does not want our boys quite so young in this age, but God wants our children to be entirely His, and to be trained for Him as decidedly as Samuel was, from the time they are capable of taking on any moral impressions whatever. We are no less bound to this by His written law, than Hannah was by her uttered vow; we are more bound to it, if that is possible, because since then Jesus has died, the Holy Spirit has come, and we have accessible all the light and grace which can ever be shed upon this earth. The privilege and responsibility of making her children unchangeably God's are with every mother in the Christian world to-day. How many will rise to the task?

The advanced thinkers of our age are calling out for educated, trained mothers to redeem the race. God has been calling out from the dawn of time for holy mothers, to do their part in redeeming His inheritance. He is calling you. There are few women in the world who have not to do, sooner or later, with children, either their own or someone else's—and all these children are God's. And I do not hesitate to say that no woman is fitted for the care or training of children unless she has become, "through sanctification of the Spirit," a free instrument in the hand of God.

"Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, To Whom we for our children cry; The good desired and wanted most;

Out of Thy richest grace supply: The sacred discipline be given To train and bring them up for heaven."

The Moss Rose and Simplicity.

Krummacker illustrates simplicity in dress by a little fable:—

The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles them with dew in the still night, slumbered on a Spring day in the shade of a rose-bush. When she awoke, she said, "Most beautiful of my children, I think there for thy refreshing odor and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favor, how willingly would I grant it."

"Adorn me, then, with a new charm," said the spirit of the rose-bush, in a beseeching tone.

So the angel adorned the lowliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there, in its modest attire, the moss-rose, the most beautiful of its kind.

So the costliest ornaments are often the simplest. There is no gold, nor jewel, nor sparkling pearl, equal to the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

The Red Field

"Ta-tarrah-ta-tarrah-tarrah!"

It was five o'clock in the morning when the bugle-call sounded start, and the crying Crusaders their way eastward. The Comm had left an hour before to most of the cool of the morning.

At Orleans, the soldiers had a very nice lunch, which was distributed by Adj. and Mrs. King.

The Limestone City looked very like. Soldiers and volunteers description were seen everywhere. We heard that 3,000 were encamped near by for their drills and manoeuvres. The of the city look substantial, can easily see that the city is modern mushroom growth, but venerable appearance of one

history, for around its forts a settlement soon after the of the great lakes, and Cannon by European traders.

Kingston corps is seventeen its barracks is a substantial building in a central position and Mrs. Keudell, whose recent date, have a good lot. There are a number of soldiers' standing. Bro. W. present Secretary, has been for many years. His home open to visiting officers. Whitehead knows how to manage.

Serjt-Major Cunningham for that position. Although best of health, he does his hold the interests of the co-ance with soldiers much. Bandmaster of the leading local holds the position.

Kingston about. Jacobs led a service, assisted by Bro. and Friedrich, and the of the Red Crusade, with tears sought and found. SUNDAY.—The kneed-Adj. Page, was very and made a good beginning successful day.

The Red Crusade of the Field Commissioner in East Ontario.

"Ta-tarrah-ta-tarrah-tarrah!"

It was five o'clock in the morning when the bugle-call sounded for the start, and the cycling Crusaders wheeled their way eastward. The Commissioner had left an hour before to make the most of the cool of the morning.

At Odessa, the soldiers had prepared a very nice lunch, which we did ample justice to, also to the excellent dinner prepared by Adj. and Mrs. Kendall at Kingston.

The Limestone City looked very war-like. Soldiers and volunteers of every description were seen everywhere, and one might imagine himself at Cape Town. We heard that 3,000 soldiers were camped near by for their annual drills and manoeuvres. The buildings of the city look substantial, and one can easily see that the city is not of modern mushroom growth, but has the venerable appearance of one with a

The Colonel led a very impressive holiness meeting at 11 o'clock. His straight and pointed talk was most appropriate, and did not fail to produce a profound effect. Eight souls knelt at the front for cleansing and power.

The tent was crowded in the afternoon. The War Cry song before the meeting was well taken up. "There is a better world, they say," was lined out by the Colonel, and went with a vim. Willie and Pearl sang various solos, to the delight of the crowd, and the Commissioner played a harp solo, followed by Brigadier Pugmire's solo, "Just tell her that you saw me," profaning the solo with a brief explanation of the circumstances that led to its composition.

Miss Booth used a verse of "Rock of Ages," the most glorious hymn of the English language, as an introduction to her subject. For about an hour the Commissioner spoke with liberty and

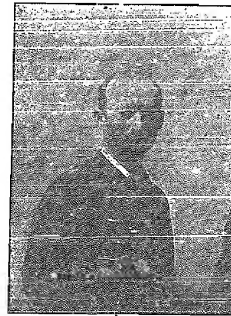
light. Oh, the blessed sights of Sunday night! The Colonel was in his glory and kept things in a boil. There was no show for the "Sons of Rest" during these meetings, while the Colonel was about.

Good Monday and Fine Tuesday.

Colonel Jacobs conducted a very unique holiness meeting in the afternoon, treating his subject of Jacob's sanctification in a novel and striking manner. In the course of his remarks the Chief Secretary touched upon some people's pride of ancestry. He said, referring to Adam:

"I have nothing to be proud of; my great-great-grandfather was a thief, and was turned out of his situation for it."

Seven sisters were found at the close of the meeting climbing a clean hearth. After a good march in the evening, the meeting started with a swing. Willie and Pearl sang, and gave their



Secretary Wheslock, Kingston.

admirer Pugmire. The Colonel was the soul of most prayer meetings, and all the Crusaders worked well in different ways, contributing their share to the meetings. Of course Miss Booth was received with enthusiasm whenever she appeared. It is really touching to see and hear the manner in which the people seek to express their appreciation and love for Miss Booth. All about the route people would enquire when there was a chance to speak to the Commissioner, or even to see her pass.

—B. P.

At Sunbury

The Commissioner and Red Crusaders started at 10 a.m. for a big demonstration to be conducted in the afternoon in the above-mentioned place, which destination we reached about noon.

Great were the expectations of Capt. Gambridge and her comrades, who had so faithfully toiled for the Commissioner's visit to Sunbury. For this occasion the plough was laid aside, the machines kept quiet, and the workbenches cleared. In fact, the population had declared a holiday on account of having the Commissioner in their midst.

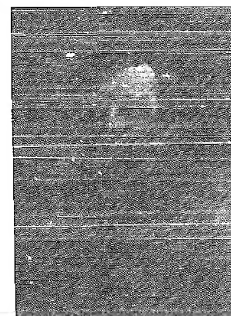
Brother and Sister McDonald entertained the Commissioner and Crusaders, and had prepared a very inviting dinner, which came in very fittingly after the 12-miles' ride from Kingston. In the burning heat of the day, Quality and variety of this meal can only be termed A. 1, and the eagerness and eagerness felt in certain directions, and contracted in connection with the tedious ride, were soon matters of the past.

The few minutes to spare were spent for the improvement of our minds in a hurried visit to the cheese-factory, which proved very interesting. This little establishment hands over to the market 120,000 lbs. of cheese per annum.

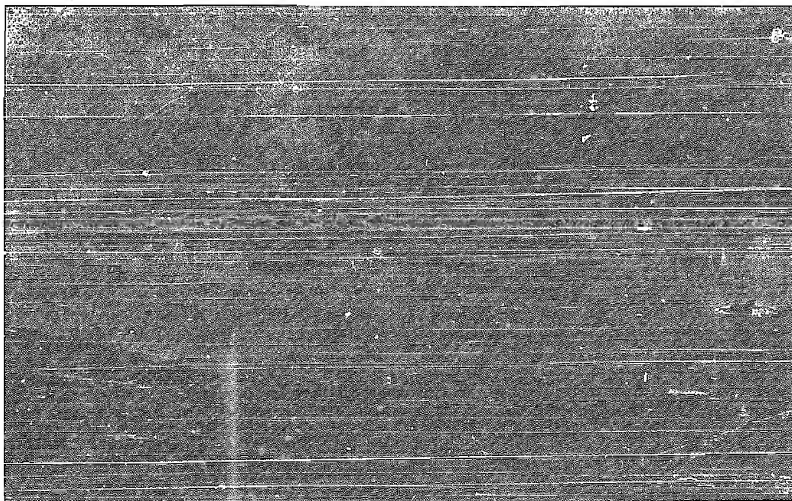
It is getting near meeting-time, and I might mention that every meeting so far in connection with the Crusade has been commenced on the stroke of the clock, therefore the Commissioner would not allow any exception to be made in Sunbury.

We are off for the meeting. A tremendous crowd of about 100 persons gathered at the barracks. Everybody said what a neat place it was. It had just been newly painted and also very specially decorated with flowers, etc., for the Commissioner's visit. How delighted the people were, and how heartily they clapped and cheered.

(Continued on page 12.)



Bandmaster Downey, Kingston.



A VIEW OF KINGSTON, ONT., FROM PORT HENRY.

history, for around its forts were two, and a settlement soon after the discovery of the great lakes, and Canada's history by European traders.

Kingston is a substantial city. Its barracks is a substantial brick building in a central position. Adj. and Mrs. Kendall, whose wedding is of recent date, have a good hold of things. There are a number of soldiers of many years' standing. Bro. Wheslock, the present Secretary, has been Treasurer for many years. His home is always open to visiting officers, whom Mrs. Wheslock knows how to make comfortable.

Serjt.-Major Cunningham is the man for that position. Although not in the best of health, he does his best to uphold the interests of the corps, and his success with soldiers and outsiders is much. Bandmaster Downey is one of the leading heads, who, in addition to the teaching and leading of the corps, holds the position of J. S.

Kingston.

Kingston were most about. On Saturday, the Commissioner led a Bely service, assisted by Brigadiers Pugmire and Friedrich, and the other members of the Red Crusade. A backslider with tears sought and found salvation. SUNDAY.—The huge drill, led by Adj. Page, was very well attended and made a good beginning to a successful day.

forces. The large crowd followed her with good attention, and over two thousand eyes hung upon her lips to catch her sentences. She certainly justified all that her reputation may have led her audience to expect. Eight sinners knelt at the Mercy Seat, and eight names were registered that afternoon in the Lamb's Book of Life.

The Glorious Evening.

But the climax of the Sunday at Kingston was the night gathering. The Commissioner spoke with unequalled power on all the immensity of the suggestions of her text: "Then art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Flight of time, space, and surroundings—everything, seemed entirely unnoticed by the huge crowd which, with bated breath, listened to the Commissioner's address as the message of God to their conscience. Many hearts weighed themselves during that mighty address, and many stifled consciences spoke clearly, demanding recognition.

It was a glorious sight to see the penitents come to the front. Fishers were seen everywhere. Tears, sobs, shouts of joy, hallelujahs, choruses, and prayers produced a mingled music sweet to the ears of angels and lovers of souls. Sixteen found the Saviour, many of whom wore the Queen's uniform. The first one pulled out a pipe and tobacco when coming to the penitent form, and sobbed most piteously. One or two of the converts turned round at once to help another comrade into the

hallelujah and huz dille and exulted the crowds as usual, which gave liberal applause.

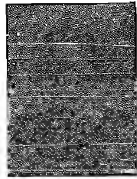
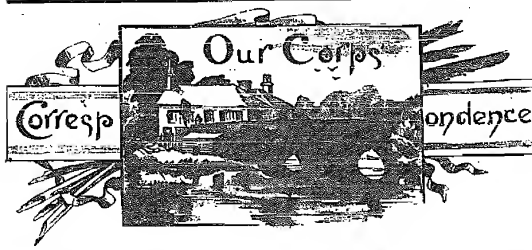
Miss Booth again took hold with a masterly touch. Her rising to the stand for immediate silence and undivided attention. Her illustrations appeal to the people's hearts, and her arguments and exhortations, clothed in eloquent and impassioned language, were convincing.

The prayer meeting was well fought out. It was quite a struggle to get the first two, and for some time it dragged on before others gave in. Finally eight souls sought salvation ere we closed for the night.

On Tuesday Miss Booth and the Crusaders visited Sunbury for an afternoon meeting, a full report of which follows below.

We all returned to Kingston for the evening. An excellent crowd was present at the final meeting. The meeting was most impressive. The Commissioner's address was not behind any in power and conviction. She was paid the best compliment which can be paid to a speaker—breathless silence. A feature of the meeting was a talk by Adj. Morris about the Klondike and our work there. His remarks were well applauded. Some souls responded to the Commissioner's invitation, and began a life in Christ.

The meetings were rendered additionally attractive by the Commissioner's harp-playing, the string band, and the singing of Staff-Capt. Morris and Brig-



NEW FOUND- LAND PROVINCE

**BRIGADIER
SHARP,
P.O.**

LAMALINE.—We were just favored with a visit from our D. O., Adj. Newman, accompanied by Capt. Bruce, of Fortune. We had a good time on Sunday. One backslider returned to God; and one prisoner on Thursday night. We have finished our Self-Denial effort, and have reached our target all right. To God we give the glory.—M. Barry, Capt.

ARNOLD'S COVE.—Although not hearing from us in this part of the vineyard, yet Bro. Guy and Bro. Page have been laboring away for some years, and God has abundantly blessed their labors with souls. Now they can sing, "We are rising and marching on." They march the streets with their large red and blue flag for Jesus. Had a visit from Capt. Bishop. He carried seventeen soldiers, making a total of nineteen at present, and more to follow. They are starting a barracks, and they are the people to build it. They are also believing for officers, as they have not got any yet.—A. W.

TILT COVE.—Since last report S. D. has appeared on the scene. Its appearance so soon caused a little surprise, but, as good soldiers of the S. A., always ready to help in every good cause, we took hold of it in a proper Army style, and in a short time our target of \$100 was soon smashed to pieces. Two souls saved and the devil defeated. To God be all the glory.—L. Smart, R.C.

LITTLE BAY.—Target smashed and smashed, and more than half smashed again. Our target was up at \$12, and through unkind faith and holy living, we knocked down \$30.17. Mr. Editor! Good, was it not? Sister Liscombe challenged, I Sergt. Ludmann, and knocked out the Sergeant with a sweeping victory of \$1.55. To God be all the glory. Barracks three weeks from now.—Yours for life or death by the flag, H. J. D. D.

BIGUS.—We have just had a visit from our D. O., Adj. Boggs. The town was all in uproar outside, celebrating England's victory. After the march around the town, singing, "We will end this war down by the river," a nice crowd came to the barracks, and God gave us a good meeting. The Adjutant said good-bye to this part of the battlefield. One soul for the week. Sunday night God came very near. Soldiers said good-bye, and are gone to the fishery. War Cry all sold out.—Capt. Maulton.



PACIFIC PROVINCE

**MAJOR
HARGRAVE,
P.O.**

VANCOUVER, B.C.—While it is true there has not been much news from this corps for some time, yet we can praise God that we are not out of the land of the living. We have got over our Self-Denial and have come out with flying colors, going \$125 over our target, which was \$450. We have been able to rejoice over souls coming to God. On

Saturday night last we saw four young men come out and give themselves to God. And on Sunday night we rejoiced over one sister and another brother. We had also with us on Sunday four officers bound for Dawson City—Capt. Lloyd and Wilcox, and Adj. and Mrs. Harr. We were very pleased to see them and they have left a blessing behind them in Vancouver. Capt. Kroil has got 5 ft. 8 in. of salvation, while Adj. Woodruff says she never will give in.—B. Norman, R. C.

NELSON, B. C.—We have got victory perched upon our banner again. Souls are getting saved all along. We have proved here in Nelson that God is no respecter of persons. When the meeting closed on Saturday night, one of the soldiers went and spoke to two Italians, and, blessed be God, they came to Him. Although they are not able to speak English very good, we believe they are properly converted. I hope and pray

that many more will soon come and forsake sin and the devil. Nine more held up their hands as testimony that they wanted to get saved, but no one yielded.—White Wings.

MISSOULA, Mont.—On Sunday last Capt. Zachary, who has been with us about three months, farewelled to go to Battle to help push on the war there. During her short stay here she has won many friends. Capt. Fisher was to have come here last week, but she has not put in her appearance yet. We are still believing that the Lord will send someone along soon to help Capt. Southall, who is all alone. Our D. O., Adj. Stevens, from Helena, was with us on Saturday night and all day Sunday. Everybody glad to see the Adjutant, and gave her a hearty welcome. On Saturday night we had ice cream and cake. Everybody happy. Not proceeds \$17. Weather extremely hot. Good fellows who, to say the least, was meant. The meetings still continue good, both indoors and out. We were much pleased to have with us Rev. Chas. Ludner (Methodist) who spoke to some length in a very edifying manner. God bless you. Come again, Bro. Ludner. Adj. and Mrs. Barr and Capt. Lloyd, en route from Winnipeg to Dawson City, spent some hours in Kamloops, owing to a bridge being washed away on the main line of the C. P. R.—Joe McGee, C. C.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.—Everybody in connection with our corps here are happy, notwithstanding the fact that Capt. Langill got her guitar stolen by some fellows who, to say the least, was meant. The meetings still continue good, both indoors and out. We were much pleased to have with us Rev. Chas. Ludner (Methodist) who spoke to some length in a very edifying manner. God bless you. Come again, Bro. Ludner. Adj. and Mrs. Barr and Capt. Lloyd, en route from Winnipeg to Dawson City, spent some hours in Kamloops, owing to a bridge being washed away on the main line of the C. P. R.—Joe McGee, C. C.

The Temple of Fame.

"**How far away is the Temple of Fame?**
Said a youth at the dawn of day;
And he toiled and dreamed of a deathless name;
But the hours went by and the evening came,
That left him feeble, and old, and lame,
To plod on his cheerless way.

For the path to fame is a weary climb
Up a mountain steep and high.
There are many who start in their youthful prime;
But in the battle of fate and time,
For one who reaches those heights sublime
Are thousands who fall and die.

The youth who had failed could never guess
The reason his quest was vain;
But he sought no other to help or bless—
He followed the glittering prize, Success,
Up the narrow pathway of Selfishness,
And this had been his bane.

"**How far away is the Temple of Good?**
Said a youth at the dawn of day;
And he strove in a spirit of brotherhood,
To help and succour, as best he could,
The poor and unfortunate multitude
On their hard and dreary way.

He was careless alike of praise or blame;
But after his work was done,
An angel of glory from heaven came
And wrote on high his immortal name,
Proclaiming this truth, that the Temple of Fame
And Temple of Good are one.

For this is the lesson that history
Has taught since the world began:
That those whose memories never die,
Who shine like stars in our human sky,
And brighter grow as the years roll by,
Are men who have lived for Man.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE

**BRIGADIER
PUGHNIE,
P.O.**

MONTEAL, H.—We are still fighting on in the name of the Lord. We are in for victory. One soul came to God on Sunday night. Praise His name.—V. G., R. C.

BAIRE, Vt.—And still they come! Hallelujah! Lieut. Ludlow farewelled Sunday night, and two precious souls farewelled from sin. We had Captain Hovey and Jones with us Wednesday and Thursday nights. They gave us a treat with their stringed instruments and singing. "He didn't make us go against our will. He just made our will to go." This song was the favorite.—Zachaeus.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE

**MAJOR
McMILLAN,
P.O.**

DRAYTON.—Ensign Hobbins, G.R. M. Agent, with us on Thursday night. He gave us an appreciative audience an interesting lantern service. We were all pleased to see the Ensign's smiling face again. God bless him. Self-Denial target smashed.—Capt. and Mrs. Kerswell.

ESSEX.—Although the weather was very warm Sunday, the soldiers turned out well. We are in to do our best to point sinners to the Lamb of God.—Mrs. Capt. Huntington.

RIDGETOWN.—Sunday and Monday, June 24th and 25th, we had our D. O's, Adj. and Mrs. Coombs, with us. We had good meetings all day. God was very near and spoke to many hearts. On Monday night Mrs. Coombs gave us a lecture on India, which was very much enjoyed, although Mrs. Coombs was far from being well. God wonderfully sustained her, and at the volunteered out and gave God her heart. We wound up our special meeting praising God for victory. We all ate the Adjutant and his wife a hearty vitamin to come again. The youth will always receive a hearty welcome from the people of Ridgetown.—Lieut. Co. B.

BRANTFORD.—It is needless to say that the comrades of Brantford were very much surprised when word was received that Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond should farewelled on Sunday, the 17th. Through their stay was brief, yet every soldier had learned to love them, and expressions of regret were heard on every hand. The "good-bye day" comes and Ensign Hobbins is present to participate. The meetings were grand. The Spirit of the Lord being very near. In the night meeting, previous to Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond saying good-bye, Band-Sergt. Stevenson, L. of M. Sergt. Major Mrs. Simmemaker, Sergt-Maj. Dalton, Bandmaster Shawmiller, and Treas. Beckett spoke of the progress made in the different branches of the work represented. The parting of our faithful officers moved many tears. On Wednesday our comrades arranged a farewell party. It was a very successful one, and the heavily-laden hearts of the comrades were provided with a very good evening. Each one regretted losing such a good friend, and wished them God-speed. Master Shawmiller read an address, which was replied to by Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond very feelingly. Adjutant giving some good advice, urging all to be faithful to God and the Salvation Army. The meeting was brought to a conclusion by all hands and singing, "God be with you till we meet again."—O. S. Spence.

GLACE BAY.—There been such occasioned by the brass band from Monday. The band and L. Express mission, and after paraded through afternoon they met Major P. Hobbins, from N. evening a monster affair in the corner, following the time since we have been in such a long brass, string, and dress from such a Pickering. Incoming \$34. The good crowd of would only be do visit us again. I'd to see "the or Cameron." And "Mae?" He's fault we had with he went off the Glasgow. The both day and night, from Dominion. Yours in the war.

HALIFAX, N.S.—from our S.D. factory results, consideration. On excursion to Birse, success. The day everything passed pleasantly. The work. On St. Creighton, of the not farewelled. farewelled for St. May the Lord bless sought the Lord Hallelujah!—Trans. C.

EMERSON.—In special meetings house. One soul kindly got up and the officers' person resulted in getting Beautiful time, and Four souls at R night. Hallelujah! Very busy.—Capt.

OXBOW, N. W.—Harry Morrish, for Oxbow, N. W. settled upon a frat active members of while here, and in zealously engaged ter's cause. This ago to hold meeting but of late the so large that they out doors. In a le from Mrs. Morrish have already been and that there is more good being many friends in a able couple will v the work which heart.—Clinton Ne

MEDICINE H.—The weary carnes work with a post phasis on the nee the budding genius, and would res he try again. The and hopes to have

PRINCE ALB.—hot weather we are King Jesus and d

EAST
ONTARIO
PROVINCEBRIGADIER
PUGMIRE,
P.O.

TREAS.—We are still fighting
the name of the Lord. We are in
cry. One soul came to God on
night. Praise His name—W. C.

RE, Vt.—And still they come!
Lent. Ludlow farewelled
night, and two previous souls
led from sin. We had Captains
and Jones with us Wednesday
evening. They gave us a
musical. "He didn't make us go
our will, He just made our will
This song was the favorite—

WEST
ONTARIO
PROVINCEMAJOR
McMILLAN,
P.O.

YTON.—Ensign Hodinott, G.B.
with us on Thursday night.
to appreciate audience as
meeting lantern service. We were
desire to see the Ensign's smiling
G.B. bless him. Self-Denial
smashed.—Capt. and Mrs. Ker-

EX.—Although the weather was
arm Sunday, we had good crowds
meetings, and the soldiers turned
all. We are in to do our best to
summers to the Lamb of God—
Capt. Huntingdon.

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Adjt. and Mrs. Coombs with
us. We had good meetings all day
and very near and spoke to many.

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much enjoyed, although Mrs. G.
is was far from being well. God
of this meeting one young woman
served out and gave God her heart
round up our special meeting
God for victory. We all give
adjutant and his wife a hearty
to come again. They will at
this meeting one young woman
of Ridgewood.—Lieut. Cook

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and slugging. "God be with
meet again."—O. S. Spectator

EASTERN
PROVINCEMAJOR
PICKERING,
P.O.

GLACE BAY.—Not for some time has
there been such a stir in town as that
occasioned by the visit of the S. A.
band from New Glasgow, on
Monday. The band boys arrived by S.
and L. Express and marched from Do-
minion, and after dinner played and
paraded through the town. In the
afternoon they proceeded to the station
to meet Major Pickering and Capt. Mc-
Elleney, from New Glasgow. In the
evening a monster open-air was held on
the corner, followed by a grand musical
affair in the Victoria Hall. It is some
time since we had the pleasure of listen-
ing to such a lengthy program of music
—brass, string, and vocal—with an
address from such an orator as Major
Pickering. Income for the night meet-
ing \$34. The band boys are a jolly
good crowd of Salvationists, and we
would only be delighted to have them
visit us again. Everybody was delig-
ed to see "the original and only Johnie
Cameron." And what's the matter with
"Mac?" He's all right. The only
fault we had with the Captain was that
he went off the next morning to New
Glasgow. The band was ably assisted,
both day and night, by Bro. Chas. Cam-
eron, from Dominion, with his cornet—
Yours in the war, Sergt.-Major.

HALIFAX I.—We have just emerged
from our S.-D. effort, with very satis-
factory results, taking everything into
consideration. Our annual picnic and
excursion to Birch Cove was quite a
success. The day was beautiful, and
everything passed off smoothly and
pleasantly. The Lord is helping us in
our work. On Sunday night Adjutant
Creighton, of the Food and Shelter De-
partment, and the soldiers turned
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meet again."—O. S. Spectator

brother, who had got cold, came in and
got warmed up last week, and is now
determined to make it warm for the en-
emy.—T. W. L.

CENTRAL
ONTARIO
PROVINCEMAJOR TURNER,
Asst. P.O.

STOBIE MINES.—We had good
meetings all day on Sunday, and Mon-
day found Captain and Lieutenant in
Stobie preparing for an ice cream social,
for Tuesday night. We had a good
meeting and everybody was delighted
with our ice cream. We cleared \$9 in
one small place, Stobie Mines. I pray
that God will bless me and use me for
His glory.—Mrs. Thos. Penneit.

RIVERSIDE.—Our week-end meet-
ings were all right. It is an old battle-
ground on the corner of Queen and
Bolton, but the people never seem to
get tired of the Army's efforts, which are
just forth from time to time at this
particular place. We had the pleasure
of talking to one of the largest crowds
on Saturday night that I have seen for
many days. God spoke to many hearts.
The intense heat made it rather uncom-
fortable for us East Enders in our tent
during our Sunday's meetings, but
with it all some men and women started
to think of God, and one came to His
bleeding feet to plead for mercy. We
welcomed our new assistant, Lieut.
Leggett, who rendered us some good
service with his cornet and song. "Praise
that God will make him of much bless-
ing in our midst. Amen."—One who
was there.

Flashlights from London.

By THE CHANCELLOR.

The following recent changes will be
of interest to our War Cry readers.

Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond have
farewelled from Brantford. Wind-
ing is their destination. God go with
them. They have been faithful com-
rades, and our prayers go with them.
We welcome Adj. and Mrs. McGill-
ivray in their place. They are old
warriors and we feel sure we can expect
great things from Brantford in the near
future. Ensign Collier has been trans-
ferred to the Social. Capt. Freeman
moves on special work in the Province,
and is succeeded at Berlin by Capt.
Jarvis and Lieut. Greenwood. For the
better handling of the Stratford Dis-
trict, the Headquarters are being moved
to Clinton, to which corps Adj. Orch-
ard and his Lieutenant proceed. He is
followed at Stratford by Ensign Scott
and Capt. Hester. Ensign Rife and
wife go to St. Thomas. Mrs. Major
Cooper and Lieut. Manisey, to Heespe-
ler. Capt. Coppens, Petrolia; Carr, Ridg-
etown; Campbell, Paris; Gibson, Lon-
don, and Coe, Goderich. We welcome
Capt. Brooks, from the C. O. P., who
(takes charge of Theford. Capt. Bran-
don and Lieut. Barker go to Leam-
ington. Lieut. Reuch is promoted, and

takes charge of Watford. Lieuts.
Richards, to Stratford; Smith, to
Goderich; Crawford, to Norwich, and
Plant, to Bayfield. Carley on rest.
Promotions.—Lieut. Rindler and
Thompson dem the red braid. Con-
gratulations!

Capt. Haley has broken down, and has
been compelled to take a two-months'
furlough. In addition to this we re-
gret to learn that her brother has just
passed away. The Captain was sum-
moned hastily home, but arrived too
late—he had gone. Will every comrade
pray for the Captain in this dark hour
of sorrow. Capt. Murray has also been
compelled to go on rest.

West Ontario's S. D. Triumph

Victory again perches upon the
banners of the W. O. P. Thanks to the
untiring self-denial efforts of our noble
officers and soldiers we are glad to say
we have gone the magnificent sum of
\$250 over the Provincial target. Fire
a volley! The following is an analysis
of the firing record:

12 HITS. 20 SMASHES. 7 MISSES.

A glorious record, considering the diffi-
culties confronted, and the fact that
quite a few corps were undermanned.

Adj. McAmmond piloted his District
through in good shape—every corps se-
curing their target. Records:

3 HITS. 3 SMASHES.

Adj. Coombs was intiring in his
efforts, and some remarkable feats were
accomplished. Wallaceburg had quite
an experience, but Ensign Gamble and
Lieut. Horwood used their ingenuity, and
smashed their target thereby. For real
hard fighting, this District lends the van.
You have done nobly. Record:

3 HITS. 4 SMASHES. 2 MISSES.

London District has had a hard
struggle, but comes out all O. K.
Capt. Howcroft fought singlehanded at
Stratford, and landed her target suc-
cessfully. This is how matters stand:

1 HIT. 2 SMASHES. 1 MISS.

Petrolia District has a grand showing,
with only one miss, and this is not a
corps fighting under exceptional diffi-
culties. Adj. Blackburn and his aides
cannot be too highly commended. Here
is their record:

1 HIT. 4 SMASHES. 1 MISS.

The hardest proposition was found
in the Stratford District, one corps
being without officers, and two others
fighting singlehanded, but we rejoiced
over the triumphs gained. Adj. Orch-
ard and his gallant officers have put
their whole soul into the fight, and the
District has come through in a highly
creditable manner.

4 HITS. 3 SMASHES. 3 MISSES.
Simcoe District. Adj. McInnes's
District comes out with flying colors.
The following is the record:

4 SMASHES.

Bravo!

We would like to have individualized
some of the more pronounced victories,
but space forbids. We remember, how-
ever, that these, and all other acts of
Self-Denial, are noted down in the
chronicles of the skies, and "inasmuch
as ye did it unto the least of these, My
brethren, ye did it unto Me," has been
put down to your eternal credit, com-
rades.—The Chancellor.

From a Central Prison Inmate

A Striking Testimony to the Dire Influence
of Strong Drink.

I gladly consent to you making use
of the few undermentioned facts, which
I have done my best to relate.

I am the third son of a family of
eight, and up till 15 years of age, was
brought up on a farm in Yorkshire,
England, my father being what they
commonly called a "farm foreman." At
15 years I enlisted in the British Army,
in the 19th Regiment of Foot, and that
is where my first trouble began as re-
gards drink. I was shipped from Rich-
mond, Eng., to Belfast, where the fam-
ous Dublin Stout is all the go. Soldiers
run obtain this at 3 cts. a pint in the
canteen, and although I only had one
report against me for drunkenness the
whole six years I was soldiering, I was
drunk a good many times; being strong
and

Able to Carry a Small-Size Keg

before it was noticed. In 1882 I volun-
teered for the 107th (2nd Batt.) Royal
Sussex Regiment, then laid in Malta.
I put in two years on that island with
my Regiment. That is where I got to
like the drink more. We could buy one
pint of port wine there for 4 cts., and
I got a liking for this, and it was a
daily occurrence for me to consume a
couple of pints, besides a few pints of
beer. In 1884 the 1st Batt. Royal
Sussex Regiment laid in Alexandria, and
were ordered to the front in the Sudan.
The Regiment, not being up to war
strength, was thrown open for volun-
teers. I was one of the 240 men who
volunteered. We proceeded up the Nile
as far as Assouan, and in the meantime
I drank a lot of native aric, which turns
the tongue as black as coal. I drank
lots of this. You can just imagine 126
degrees of heat on you, and this vitrol
inside you! Imagine a cullender

With 200 Pounds of Steam on.

and you have a fair idea of my tem-
perature! I was discharged in March,
month, Eng., after coming home, and
was given a berth in H. M. S. Prison,
Newcastle-on-Tyne, as Turnkey. This
I did not keep but six weeks, when I
left it of my own accord. I started for
New York, and went to work with a
racing man, and that led to more drink-
ing, gambling, and every other kind of
vice. I have made twenty-seven trips
across the Atlantic with horses, thor-
ough-breds, and here is where I got set-
tling for fair! I have drunk, more or
less, for 18 years, but the last year that
I had my freedom, I don't think that I
ever went to bed sober, and God knows
it, as I write these lines. I have drunk
all I have vomited blood next morning,
and thought I would die on the spot. I
have drunk off no kind of food would
stay on my stomach, not even soda
water. I would sober down a bit, but
when I went to bed I could not sleep.
I have

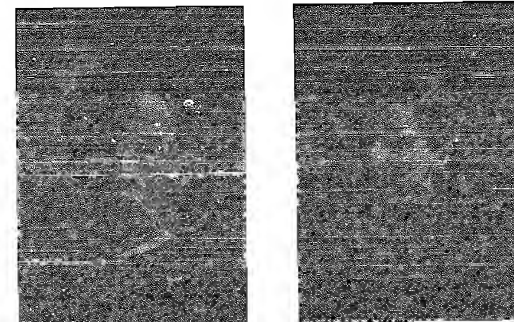
Struck at the Devil

times out of count, and I have jumped
out of bed in these delusions and shout-
ed for him to go away. I have gone to
the bottle again, turned on the gas and
sat in a chair and lit my pipe, waiting
for daylight, and then off to the nearest
saloon to get stimulated up again. It
was in this state that I was in when I
fell over the sidewalk. I broke the
wheel. I meant to throw it into the
street, but it appears I took it home to
the stable, and next morning if I had
been promised a million dollars, I could
not have told where I got it. God knows
this is true. After I had it ten days I
gave it to the police, and I was told
there would be nothing more about it.
I was arrested, charged with theft, and
given nine months. I was unable to
speak for myself, the state that I was
in, and any judge could see that I was

Either Mad or Going Mad.

But I think Almighty God to-day that
I am spared, and that I have found the
light of understanding, and of grace
and mercy, and I know when I leave
the Central Prison, on the 26th of June,
I have no fear of the drink. I know I
am safe from that. May God keep and
guide me. Without His help I can do
nothing.—Your humble servant, James
Vasey.

O man, either appear what you are
or be what you appear.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. J. MADDEN.
(Captain J. Madden was once a Toronto H. Q. Boy, and is now in the U. S. Field.)

The Red Crusade.

(Continued from page 9.)

What about the meeting? It certainly was a good one. Bro. McDonald, on behalf of the soldiers, friends, and community, welcomed the Commissioner to Sault Ste. Marie, and the audience again very enthusiastically gave vent to their feelings for the hour that had fallen upon them.

Can I say anything about Willie and Pearl? Yes; they did splendidly with their so-attractive and appealing little songs.

Staff-Capt. Morris was then called upon for a solo. He sang his new song, which is so full of meaning, "More about Jesus," after which the Commissioner took the reins, taking for her test, "The man with the withered hand." Although very weak physically, naturally arising from the great strain brought upon her in connection with the heavy tour, the Commissioner very ably held her audience for over an hour. I cannot attempt to describe the way in which the Commissioner brought before us an "ever-present Christ."

Very much to the regret of the Commissioner, as of all present, but of necessity, the meeting was to be a short one, seeing that preparations had been made for a final demonstration to the so-successful campaign at Kingston.

It was very thoughtful indeed for Bro. and Sister McDonald to prepare some refreshments for the Crusaders before leaving Sault Ste. Marie.

At 3:20 we left for Kingston.—W. C. A.

Napanee.

"It's an ill-wind that blows nobody any good," some sage has said, and probably if our course had pointed exactly in the opposite direction to what it did, we might have moralized on the above with that philosophical acquiescence so cheap when likes and laws walk side by side. But alas for philosophy! The wind and our way were at all speed at the same moment that our agenda bade us seek that point. Hence the wind and the wayfarers.

Met on the Road.

The former was going at the rate of about sixty miles an hour, the speed of the latter was "mixed and express," chiefly "mixed."

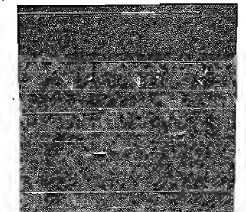
Up to Orleans the progress was slow but sure. There a welcome halt was made at the hospitable home of Mr. Snyder, where a well-spread breakfast board appeared to cheer drooping Crusader spirits. Cups of cold water are paraded, pros-oups to parched throats, but when it comes to coffee and cake, eggs and vegetables, meat and fruit, say nothing of ice-cream, and that confetti so specially dear to some noble palates, lemon pie, surely the reward will be in proportion. Good fellow Mr. Snyder and his kind household for their generous thought. One event of tragic interest transpired in this house in

The Sudden Descent of a Fragile Rocking-Chair.

and a heavy-weight Crusader, but as the former came off second best, we forebore to further chronicle it.

We draw a veil, as the "penny-a-lineer" puts it, over the rest of the journey. The "few words" before-mentioned between the wind and the wayfarers came to open hostilities. Between caricatures, we scarcely think that the former acted quite fairly. It stole our caps and conquered our breath, and more than once attempted to confound our wheels. Thus, had it not the goodness to call in the assistance of the nightmare of a cyclist's dream, and while "throwing dust in our eyes," take possession of wheels, wits, and wisdom. But the subject awakens too painful memories to prolong it. A freemasonry of sympathy between the various sections who, for once, took the road together, forbids us detailing the herculean efforts, heroic life-line appliances, and pathetic incident of the ambulance corps—only before we quit the subject let us heed any friends of the Crusaders never to whisper to them about "gentle zephyrs" again.

Despite the travel-stains and bruises which more than any Crusader carried as relics of his journey's untoward journey, the tide of expectation was



Adj. Alward, Ensigns Bloss and Stalger, Capt. Shanley, and Uncle Jack Morgan, as they appeared in a special meeting recently in Spokane.

rising. Since the onset of the campaign we had seen some eighty souls step into deliverance, and every soldier, friend, and Crusader felt that Napanee must not fall behind. The meetings were amongst the most successful so far conducted. Despite showers and thunder, the crowds were large and representative—in fact, Miss Booth's visit was

The Talk of the Place.

The children's drills and solos took the



MAJOR AND MRS. HORN AND FAMILY.

hearts of the people by storm. The Crusaders taught their fatigue well, and left lasting influences.

As to the Commissioner—once again she manifested that indomitable spirit so characteristic of her, and surprised us as much by her energy as she inspired us by her talking, in some of which she excelled herself. It must be remembered that our leader not only takes such a fine's share of the public efforts, and is in the saddle for many miles on the road journey, but fills in intervening hours, which sleep might well claim as its prerogative, with the business and correspondence of responsibilities which, whether at Toronto or en route, are inseparably her own. Notwithstanding this strain behind the scenes, the Commissioner comes up to each engagement full of fire and force. The patient form was in evidence on all meetings, as it has been throughout the campaign, and was the scene of some definite transactions between Divine power and human need, which will best commemorate the Crusaders' visit to Napanee.

Pictou.

We were not supposed to call at Pictou, but we did. The alteration in our program had its source in a long interview which Ensign and Mrs. Wynn had with the Commissioner at Beccanville, in which they so eloquently declared the many inducements why Pictou should not be left out, and so pathetically portrayed Pictou's blank disappointment if it was, that the Commissioner promised to re-arrange the program in its favor. One day from Napanee's three was extracted to give Pictou place. Hence it was that on Friday morning we found ourselves storming across the lake towards this pretty town. Long ere we reached the wharf (for the latter part of our journey we and our wheels had done by boat) we could see

The Fluster of Children's Handkerchiefs and, as we drew nearer, catch the sound

of children's voices raised in a welcome song.

This was the Commissioner's first visit to Pictou, and the event was a much-appreciated and long-looked-for one. A representative crowd were in waiting to do her honor. Through a line of white-robed Juniors, each of whom presented a tiny nosegay of roses, the Commissioner was escorted to the carriage by Mr. McMillan, whose guest she was to be. Section II. wound its way—it was rather a muddy one—to the quarters, which we took by storm. Had Mrs. Duggan Wynn been of a timid disposition, her breath might have been taken away by the invasion of the Crusaders. As it was she

Won Golden Opinions.

from everybody's gratitude by getting breakfast for all at five minutes' notice. The afternoon's meeting was on August occasion. We use the term advisedly, for the elite of Pictou were present, in addition to the Army's soldiers and regular adherents, whose proud and hearty countenance bespoke their appreciation of an event of such joy and honor. The Mayor read an address of welcome. Mrs. Wynn's early-headed darling presented a bouquet of magnificent roses. Everybody smiled and clapped; some fairly shook with delight. The children exulted their



SISTER
INA GROOM,
Blenheim.

Collected \$12.25
for S.-D.



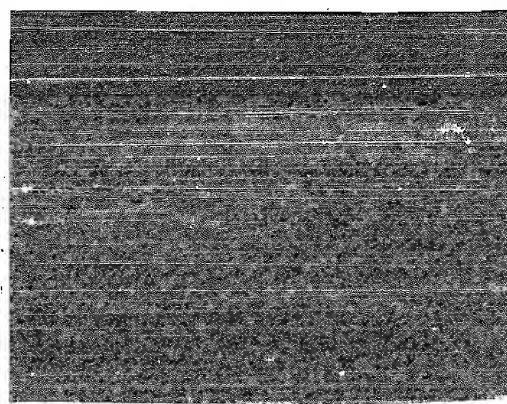
would aptly describe the night's battle, "In the teeth of the storm." Our old unfriendly acquaintance of the Napanee road turned up in furthest vicer, and before meeting-time was blowing what the sailors call "great guns" around us. Shall we ever forget that night? A tree which we saw next morning, lying torn up by the roots, testified to the fury of the storm—it was a night when any outside effort was attended, not only with difficulty, but a degree of danger.—A. L. P.

A NUT-SHELL HISTORY OF KINGSTON

Kingston (population 20,000). The River Cataraqui here joins the St. Lawrence. The Rideau Canal, the name by which the waterway between Kingston and Ottawa is known, was constructed, as a military work, by the Government of Great Britain, by joining the waters of the Cataraqui River with those of the Rideau River, which flows into the Ottawa River at Ottawa. This gave a safe water route for troops and supplies from Montreal up the Ottawa River, and thence by this canal to Kingston, away from the exposed frontier along the St. Lawrence. West-bound freight followed this route from the time this canal was completed until the St. Lawrence canals were completed. Going east, the boats ran the Rapids of the St. Lawrence and returned by the Rideau Canal. The first settlement was made by the French at Kingston, in 1772, under De Courcelles. His successor, Count de Frontenac, erected Fort Frontenac on the site of the present Tete de Pont Barracks, which was taken by the British, under Colonel Bland, in 1783. The present name, Kingston, was given by the United Empire Loyalists, i.e., British settlers who left the United States at the close of the war of 1776. It is the principal fortified position west of Quebec. The Provincial Penitentiary and Lockwood House Asylum are immediately west of the city. Queen's University and other colleges and schools have made Kingston an important educational centre. The public buildings generally and parks are extremely creditable.

What God has done for us is the most convincing assurance of what He can and will do for us as we need.

We want not time to serve God, but zeal; we have not too much business, but too little grace.



SEA RIVER FALLS, NELSON RIVER.



Lieutenant Bland,

Of Winnipeg Headquarters, Promoted to Glory.

A Promising Officer's Career Ends.

Lieut. Bland applied for the post and was accepted May 10th, 1918. He entered Post Office Training Class on August 15th, of the same year.

He came to P. I. Q. office to act as the Chancellor. He had taken a great interest in his work from the beginning, taking pains to make no mistakes. He would have made a splendid officer of the kind of work done at P. I. Q. He had a good education.

On the 19th of May he complained of not feeling very well, and could not go to work. He was taken to the hospital, but on Saturday night he was very high fever. The next day he was taken to the hospital, and for days he lay in a state of semi-coma.

Typhoid fever made terrible roads on his strong and robust constitution. On the 23rd or 24th he started to improve, and for three or four days made rapid improvement towards recovery. He gained consciousness and was able to talk to us. He was cheerful and expected to soon be back to the office. But on Saturday night, 9 p.m., June 10th, he took a slight chill, and the doctor gave him a dose of the drugs. The doctor stopped, but another came on duty the night, which proved fatal.

His brother, at Brampton, wired his body he sent home, so arrangements were made accordingly. The body was looked after by Mr. Kerr, Undertaker, to whose rooms a large crowd of people came all day after and Monday, to pay their last respects to one whom they had learned to love.

He was given a real S. A. funeral the first ever held in Winnipeg. The coffin was placed on a gun carriage, and small body guard marched in front, pall bearers marched three on each side of the gun carriage. Behind the coffin was the Winnipeg S. A. band. The march from Mr. Kerr's rooms to the barracks and from the barracks to the station was impressive.

Crowds followed the sidewalk, and as that process moved slowly down the street, to soft strains of "Hiding in Thee," played beautifully by the band, men and women's hearts were brought to their condition, as they had not been doubt, many of them, for a long time. Mrs. Major Southall conducted the vice in the barracks (Thistle Club). A large crowd of people attended. Capt. Neil Anderson, with W. Lieut. Frederick Bland, Capt. Smith, feelingly of Lieutenant Bland's devotion. When busy, he had a point to be up a little earlier than he could spend his usual time in prayer and Bible-reading.

Captain Fraser felt keenly Lieutenant Bland's death, saying he was true man of God. He had visited him many times in the hospital, and found him when anxious, cheerful, patient, ready to go, if death came.

Adj. Cass, who accompanied body to his home, read to the audience some words that he had found upon the inside of the cover of Lieutenant Bland's trunk, and could truly say his character was the embodiment of those principles.

Mrs. Southall read from the last of the Revelations, and spoke of Lieutenant Bland's promotion, urging present to be more devoted, closing a request for all to stand and witness themselves fresh to God.

As I boarded the care his nurse and up (who, by the way, is a Roman C.



Lieutenant Bland, Of Winnipeg Headquarters, Promoted to Glory.

A Promising Officer's Career Ended.

Lieut. Bland applied for the field and was accepted May 16th, '38. He entered Rat Portage Training Garrison on August 15th, of the same year.

He came to P. H. Q. office to assist the Chancellor. He had taken great interest in his work from the beginning, taking pains to make no mistakes. He would have made a splendid officer for the kind of work done at P. H. Q., as he had a good education.

On the 10th of May he complained of not feeling very well, and could not go with the bicycle brigade to Selkirk.

He was requested to see the doctor. But said he would be all right in a day or two. Monday, the 21st, he was persuaded to see the doctor, who ordered him to bed immediately, as he was in a very high fever. The next day he had to be taken to the hospital, and for 21 days he lay in a state of semi-consciousness.

Typhoid fever made terrible inroads on his strong and robust constitution. On the 23rd or 24th he started to improve, and for three or four days he made rapid improvement towards recovery. He gained consciousness and was able to talk to us. He was cheerful and expected to soon be back at the office. But on Saturday night, at 9 p.m., June 16th, he took a slight hemorrhage of the lungs. The doctor got it stopped, but another came on during the night, which proved fatal.

His brother, at Brampton, wired that his body be sent home, so arrangements were made accordingly. The body was looked after by Mr. Kerr, the undertaker, to whose rooms a great crowd of people came all Sunday afternoon and Monday, to pay their last respects to one whom they had all learned to love.

He was given a real S. A. funeral, the first ever held in Winnipeg. The coffin was placed on a gun carriage, a small body guard marched in front, the pall bearers marched three on either side of the gun carriage. Behind came the Winnipeg S. A. band. The march from Mr. Kerr's rooms to the barracks, and from the barracks to the station, was impressive. Crowds followed on the sidewalk, and as that procession moved slowly down the street, to the soft strains of "Hiding in Thee," played beautifully by the band, men and women's hearts were brought to realize their condition, as they had not been, no doubt, many of them, for a long time.

Mrs. Major Southall conducted the service in the barracks (Thistle Curling Club). A large crowd of people attended. Capt. Neil Anderson, with whom Lieut. Frederick Bland slept, spoke very feelingly of Lieutenant Bland's devotion. When busy, he made a point to be up a little earlier so that he could spend his usual time in prayer and Bible-reading.

Captain Benson felt keenly Lieut. Bland's death, saying he was truly a man of God. He had visited him many times in the hospital, and found him, when conscious, cheerful, patient, and ready to go, if death came.

Adj. Cass, who accompanied the body to his home, read to the audience some words that he had found pasted on the inside of the cover of Lieut. Bland's trunk; and could truly say his character was the embodiment of those principles.

Mrs. Southall read from the last chapter of Revelations, and spoke feelingly of Lieutenant's promotion, urging all present to be more devoted, closing with a request for all to stand and consecrate themselves afresh to God.

As I heard the care his nurse came up (who, by the way, is a Roman Catholic), and taking me by the hand, said, "I loved Mr. Bland. I never had a patient, the years I have been nursing, that I got so attached to. Oh, he was so good. Tell his friends, for me, that all was done for him that could be done, but he was too good to live, so God took him to heaven." This laid spoke the above words with tears.

He was taken from Brampton C.P.R. station Thursday morning, to the old Elmwood burying-ground, and his last grave in the family plot. Although

the service had to be held at an unseemly hour in the morning, there was a large turnout—about twenty rig left Brampton for the ten-mile drive to the cemetery, and by the time we arrived there must have been nearly double that number. The Rev. Mr. Noxon, the Episcopal minister, conducted the service.

I endeavored to tell them of Lieut. Bland's career as an officer, as a sick patient, and as a brother, and when I told them what the Roman Catholic said, who having Winnipeg, many were in tears. By request for a song, I sang—

"Away from his home and the friends of his youth,
He hoisted the standard of mercy and truth;
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost,
He felt like a warrior, he died at his post."

NOTES.
The brothers and sister expressed, in no uncertain sound, their thanks to me for the care bestowed upon my brother by the Army.

Lieut. Bland was loved by his comrades-officers and soldiers, and many were the letters of sympathy that came to him during his sickness.

The relatives and friends were very kind to me during my short stay, and many of them thanked me for coming down with the body.—Adj. Cass

Some Grateful Appreciations of Lieut. Bland's Career
From Three of His Old Officers.

Once more the death-angel has visited Winnipeg; the chariot was lowered on Sunday morning, and our much-loved

comrade, Lieut. Bland, was taken to join the Blood-washed around the throne.

It was with sorrowful feelings that I received a wire just previous to going to meeting Sunday evening, acquainting me with his promotion.

Twice have I had our comrade for my aide, and learned to love him for his sterling worth; every inch a man, a loyal Lieutenant, a faithful soldier of Jesus, and a Salvationist; he was loved by all.

While visiting a comrade, prior to his leaving Grafton, a few weeks ago, he remarked that he was not feeling well, but said, "If you're faithful, sister, we'll meet in heaven."

His was a practical religion, and his delight was to be made useful. He was an earnest Bible student, and constantly waited on God.

By His daily life He has been made a blessing and help to many, and his career, as an officer, though short, has been blessed and used of God in winning souls.

May God bless and comfort the dear bereaved relatives.—John P. Herringshaw, Capt.

When in charge of the Rat Portage Garrison and corps I had a good opportunity of knowing what kind of a life Lieut. Bland lived, as a soldier and Cadet. The first impression that was made on my mind was that he was a thorough Salvationist and ought to be an officer. That impression became stronger as I watched his life. I never knew anyone more conscientious in small things than Lieut. Bland; and when he came to the Garrison, a short time before his flight, his joy was complete. There were some more talented than he was, but I don't believe a person could be found who doubted the sincerity and the godliness of Lieut. Bland. His life was a blessing to all who knew him. I will never forget one Monday that he came and told me how good God was to him. It was a month or two after he started to lay away one-tenth of his income expressly for the Kingdom. His words were, "Captain, isn't God good to me since I put by my tenth? I have never been out of work, and this morning the boss has given me another twenty-five cents a day, making two dollars and a quarter. I don't know why he should do for me I am about the youngest one on the job. I guess it's God's work. And I received a letter with some money in this morning that I had given up all hopes of ever seeing. I believe it is because I give Him a tenth. I shall always do it."

I feel that the S. A. has lost one of its most godly boys in the promotion of Lieutenant Bland.—H. Wilkins, Capt.

I first met Lieut. Bland while in the Rat Portage Training Garrison as a Cadet, the Lieutenant then fighting in the ranks as a private soldier. He always lifted the banner of the Cross high among those of his companions, and he was loved by them all. He felt God called him to be an officer, and he came into training. After some months he became my Lieutenant, and we fought side by side for nearly five months. I always felt that he could be trusted, always ready, always cheerful, and he often brought comfort and consolation to me. His childlike faith in God seemed to take hold of me, and lifted me heavenward. He was fully sanctified and set apart for God and His glory. His last words to me were, "Fight on, Captain, hold fast and never let go."

At the Mercy of the Chinese.

The Methodist University at Pekin, China.

Winnipeg War Items.

There has never been a time during the history of this branch of the Salvation Army work when the officers were so over-crowded with work, especially since the hot weather set in. The League of Mercy goes about visiting the sick, carrying messages of love and cheer to the over-crowded rooms of our tenement blocks, as well as helping with a few extras those who are not in a position to purchase them for themselves.

The Rescue Home, too, has been doing a big work; the results are marvelous, when one takes into consideration the size of the place, and the heavy expenses in connection with running it. Last year, 1899, 63 girls passed through the Home. Of that number only three proved unsatisfactory. In addition, 39 children were cared for in the Home.

Four of the girls were married during the year, and are doing well. There are 21 in the Home at the present time. The League of Mercy and Rescue Home jointly, are giving a lawn social on the Rescue Home grounds, 484 Yonge St., to-night (Wednesday, June 27th), the proceeds to assist in paying for literature, etc., for the patients in the hospital, and fruit, etc., for the poor.

The officers promise an enjoyable and profitable evening. A good brass and string band will render music during the evening from 8 to 10 p.m. Ice cream, fruit, and candy will be served. The grounds will be gayly decorated with Chinese lanterns, flags, bunting, etc.

And in view of what the Army is doing for the "Prophets" undertaking, there should be a big turnout this evening.—Winnipeg Tribune, 27th June.

Missionary Headquarters at Tien Tsin, China, Recently Bombed by Chinese.

A Central Prison Report.

I feel it is my duty to say a few words with regard to the work of saving souls that has been carried on here for the last three weeks in the Central Prison. I cannot speak too highly of the service that has been rendered to us by the Army officers, and the interest that Dr. Jackson and Staff-Capt. Archibald have taken in us.

They have pleaded with us in the time of our trouble, and their kind words have been the means of bringing many a lost soul to the feet of Christ.

If the Staff-Captain would only put on our uniform, we might claim him as one of ourselves, as he spends the most of his time with the boys. I pray and trust that the good work that has been done may stand. Personally, I have been much helped and blessed during these meetings, and there are others that can say the same. I pray to God that He may keep me faithful.—Philips Moulton, Central Prison.

G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.

Chatham, Thursday, July 13.

Thamesville, Friday, July 20.

Brethwell, Sat. and Sun., July 21, 22.

Dresden, Wed. and Thurs., July 23, 24.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Valley City, Thurs. and Fri., July 19, 20.

Jamestown, Sat. and Sun., July 21, 22.

Bismarck, Mon. and Tues., July 23, 24.

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

A See-Saw Pastime—Would it be Wise to Swap Horses?—Bro. Snibbins in Raptures—The Eastern Star Behind a Cloud—The Captain Took a Drink!

NOTES BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

Central Ontario Province	83
West Ontario Province	77
East Ontario Province	63

The Ontario Provinces are indulging in a prodigious game of see-saw! Fine sport during this heated condition of the atmosphere, I admit.

Alas, poor Nig—no, I mean Arab! It is a question, after all, whether Major McMillan hadn't better swap horses. I wouldn't advise him to do anything rash; but if, after due consideration, he finds he can do better with another steed, then I say swap! "Bishop" Blackburn, one of his D. O.'s, used to be an authority on horses, especially those of the Circle Corps variety, and I doubt not would be able to give his Provincial Officer some valuable suggestions on what kind of a horse to get.

Dear Brother Snibbins does the lightning change on his features again this week, but the sequel is a happier one than last week's. I wonder what next week will bring forth. Never can tell, you know.

It is rather unfair to East Ontario that the last page of their boomers' list failed to reach us. Please search in the waste-paper basket, dear comrade in the office, and see if it didn't drop into it accidentally. It is just possible that East Ontario would have been second this week had not this unfortunate affair occurred.

THE "EAST vs WEST" COMPETITION.			
Eastern Prov. 98	North-West. 47		
	Pacific..... 45		
	Newfoundland 17		
	Klondike... 2		
Totals .. 98		111	

The competing forces in this class are also doing some see-sawing.

The Pacific comes boldly to the front, and bids fair to outstrip the North-West.

Newfoundland, while not up to high-water mark, is doing better. They should be sending us at least 30 names by this time, seeing that they reached 20 some time ago.

The following clipping is from the Chilton News-Record, and is well worthy of a place in this column. Success to you, Capt. Campbell.

"Capt. Campbell, the zealous officer in command of the Salvation Army local corps, is quick-witted. While returning from Blythe on a War Cry selling trip on Friday last, he stopped at a London hotel, and among the places visited there was the hotel. Stepping up to the bar, at which two or three men were 'having something,' he asked the man who was apparently doing the treating if he would buy a War Cry. 'Yes, if you will drink with us,' was the answer. 'All right, promptly responded the Captain, and turning to the bar-tender he said, 'I'll take a glass of water.' The company enjoyed Capt. Campbell's ready wit, and bought War Cries all round."

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I.	129
Mrs. Lightheart, Hamilton I.	130
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines	60
Lieut. Leggett, Barrie	78
Lieut. Bone, Brockbridge	81
Sergt. Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St.	86
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	131
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	133
Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott St.	60
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	88
Capt. Brant, Omemee	55
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	52
Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	51
Capt. McLean, Collingwood	59
Lieut. Patterson, Collingwood	59
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	50
Capt. Barker, Meaford	50
Capt. Darrach, Meaford	51
Capt. Lott, Gravenhurst	45
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	41
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	43
Lieut. Patterson, Sudbury	40
Capt. Reule, Sudbury	40
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	40
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	40
Adj. Wiggins, Barrie	40
Capt. Huskinson, Parry Sound	41
Lieut. Stickells, Parry Sound	41
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott	41
Sergt. Tuck, Temple	41
Lieut. McGregor, Feversham	41
Lieut. Christopher, Little Current	41
Capt. Culbert, Little Current	41
Capt. Poole, Chesley	41
Capt. Stephens, Newmarket	41
Lieut. McLennan, Newmarket	41
Capt. White, Riverside	41
Cadet Basher, Lisgar St.	41
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	41
Adj. Searr, Lisgar St.	41
Bro. Dixon, Temple	41
Sergt. Maud Slater, Fenelon Falls	41
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	41
Capt. Howercroft, Fenelon Falls	41
Capt. Wilson, Lippincott	41
Cand. J. Smith, Midland	41
Sister Bolton, Temple	41
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	41
Lieut. Stickells, Huntsville	41
Lieut. Carwardine, Bowmanville	41
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	41
Capt. Craig, Hamilton I.	41
Corps-Cadet Murdoch, Hamilton I.	41
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	41
Lieut. Leonard, Aurora	41
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	41
Sergt. Major Bowers, Lisgar St.	41
Edythe Pollard, Oakville	41
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	41
Bro. Moore, Lippincott	41
Capt. Daley, Midland	41
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	41
Sister McQuais, Temple	41
Sergt. J. Danaher, Hamilton I.	41
Capt. Copper, Kinnoult	41
Sergt. Rusten, Lisgar St.	41
Capt. Rose, Yorkville	41
P. S. M. Gourtemanche, Norland	41
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines	41
S. M. Strinden, Brockbridge	41
Mrs. Small, St. Catharines	41
Sergt. Moore, Yorkville	41
Cand. Kennedy, Yorkville	41
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	41
Sister Bowman, Temple	41
Capt. Richmond, Temple	41
Sister Gimbert, Temple	41
S. M. Bradley, Temple	41

Bro. J. Plumtree, Midland	23
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20
Corps-Cadet McKone, Huntsville	20
Capt. H. Listen, Uxbridge	20
Lieut. Marshall, Richmond St.	21

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

77 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Smith, London	213
Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock	225
Capt. Campbell, Elinton	115
Lieut. Malsey, Goderich	119
Capt. Crawford, Stratford	110
Capt. Hellman, Chatham	107
S. M. Bateman, Stratford	107
Ensign Sloot, Leamington	109
Lieut. Knauske, Galt	109
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	50
Ensign Green, Windsor	50
Capt. Pyke, Sarnia	50
Capt. Green, Windsor	50
Capt. Heater, St. Thomas	50
Lieut. Ringler, Sarnia	50
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	50
Capt. Williams, Galt	50
Tanna Burns, Dresden	50
Sister Foster, Petrolia	50
Capt. Freeman, Berlin	50
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	50
Ensign Gamble, Watrousburg	50
Mrs. Coo, Downs, St. Thomas	50
Capt. Freeman, Berlin	50
Mrs. Major Cooper, Goderich	50
Sister Burns, Petrolia	50
Capt. Dowell, Seaforth	50
Capt. Jordan, Seaforth	50
Lieut. Grant, Wingham	50
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Essex	50
Lieut. Stickells, Sarnia	50
Ensign Wakefield, London	50
Capt. Hockin, Tilsonburg	50
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	50
Lieut. Cook, Ridgetown	50
Lieut. Fennar, Blenheim	50
Lieut. Winter, Palmerston	50
Treas. Mrs. Rock, Chatham	50
Capt. Bouney, Wingham	50
P. Palmer, London	50
Treas. Mrs. Harris, London	50
Capt. Burrows, Bayfield	50
Capt. Wiseman, Listowel	50
Eva Simpson, Guelph	50
Capt. Coo, Hespeler	50
Lieut. Gurley, Norwich	50
Lieut. Crawford, Hespeler	50
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	50
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown	50
Treas. Copp, Seaforth	50
Lieut. Beach, Forest	50
Capt. Gibson, Paris	50
Lieut. Harwood, Wallaceburg	50
Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Drayton	50
Capt. Hazcock, Ingersoll	50
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph	50
Sergt. Denching, Hespeler	50
Capt. Huntington, Essex	50
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	50
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	50
Lieut. Thompson, Bothwell	50
Capt. White, Blenheim	50
Capt. Copeman, Theedford	50
Capt. Burton, Paris	50
Capt. Fletcher, Stratford	50
Lieut. Hartman, Ingersoll	50
Capt. Carr, Watford	50
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia	50
Farther Christner, Dresden	50
J. Fleming, London	50
Mrs. J. Smith, London	50
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	50
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	50
Mrs. Howkins, St. Thomas	50
Sister Hooper, St. Thomas	50
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas	50
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	50

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

63 Hustlers.	
Lieut. McLean, Ottawa	200
Ensign Ottaway, Ottawa	122
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	122
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV	115
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Pictou	110
Capt. O'Neil, St. Albans	105
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans	105
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	04
Capt. Tytus, Annapolis	85
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Kingston	85
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	80
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	77

Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	75
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	75
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	75
Mrs. Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	65
Lieut. Heale, Port Hope	65
Capt. Grose, Prescott	65
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	65
Capt. Carter, Belleville	60
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke	55
Capt. Young, Sherbrooke	55
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	55
Ensign Yerex, Brockville	50
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	50
Sergt. Hippen, Montreal II.	50
Capt. Owen, Coaticook	50
Capt. Green, Perth	50
Capt. Weir, Millbrook	50
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal IV.	50
Capt. Burtch, Newport	50
Lieut. Hicks, Newport	50
Capt. Gammalidge, Sandus	50
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	49
Capt. Vance, Renfrew	49
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	49
Capt. Raudel, Renfrew	49
Lieut. Cooke, Montreal II.	42
Sergt. McCorkel, Ottawa	41
Lieut. Carter, Morrisburg	41
Capt. Wain, Kingston	40
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	40
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	40
Sister Wilkie, St. Johnsbury	40
Sergt. Merchaut, St. Johnsbury	40
Mrs. Capt. Parter, Belleville	40
Mrs. Stone, Lakeside	40
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	40
Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	40
Capt. Dowson, Montreal II.	36
Capt. Constock, Port Hope	35
Lieut. Lang, Nanpau	35
Capt. Stalworth, Nanpau	35
Adj. Kendall, Kingston	35
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	32
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	32
Sergt. Jewell, Pictou	30
Capt. Slater, Bloomfield	30
Mrs. Green, Perth	30
Capt. Bross, Quebec	30
Capt. Crogo, Kempsville	30
Capt. Tilley, Brockville	28

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

98 Hustlers.	
Capt. E. Martin, Charlottetown	185
Capt. U. Piercey, Sydney	145
J. McQueen, Moncton	139
Mrs. Adj. Fraser, Halifax I.	132
Mrs. Hargreaves, St. John I.	115
Mrs. Salvers, Hamilton	113
Lieut. McKie, Campbellton	110
Capt. Armstrong, Halifax I.	110
S. M. Vionot, Halifax II.	110
Capt. Allen, Carleton	105
Capt. T. Thompson, Glace Bay	100
Neal Flood, Hamilton	100
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	100
Cadet Redmond, St. John I.	100
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I.	94
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	90
Sergt. Mayhew, Charlottetown	87
Lieut. Wyatt, Chatham	80
Cadet Fraser, St. John I.	80
Capt. Ryan, Truro	75
Lieut. Lehana, Truro	75
Lieut. N. Smith, Digby	70
Lieut. Dwyer, Yarmouth	70
Lieut. Murthous, North Sydney	70
Ensign Wright, St. John	60
Capt. Goodwin, Somerset	60
Capt. Cowan, Southampton	60
Capt. Brailbury, Springhill	60
Capt. Fleming, Hamilton	60
Lieut. Newell, New Glasgow	60
Sister McDonald, St. John Y.	55
F. Tucker, Somerset	50
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	50
O. Clark, Bridgewater	50
S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Capt. Clark, Amherst	50
Lieut. Pemberton, Amherst	50
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Halifax II.	49
Ensign Jennings, Springhill	45
N. Petts, New Glasgow	45
A. Hamie, Bridgetown	41
J. Hardwick, Bridgetown	41

"I ONCE WAS SAD, BUT NOW I'M GLAD!"—Bro. Snibbins, of Central Ontario.



Alas, Poor Nigger!



Oh? First this week?



No?



Well, I declare!



Murrah for Nigger!